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## CHRONICLE.

**P**ARLIAMENT met on *Tuesday* with less signs of its meeting in the general aspect of London than we ever remember on a similar occasion. This was due no doubt to influenza, to the recent public mourning, and to other things. The preliminary proceedings the day before had included a meeting at Devonshire House, in which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was elected to the position of Leader of the Liberal-Unionist party in the House of Commons. The usual dinners also took place. Lord SALISBURY, Mr. BALFOUR, Lord DERBY, and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE acted as hosts to the Tory and Liberal peers and commoners respectively. The Gladstonians of both Houses had to mess together at the house of no more distinguished a politician than Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

The contents of the QUEEN'S Speech had been for some time anticipated with unusual precision. HER MAJESTY, after an evidently personal expression of feeling in reference to the death of the Duke of CLARENCE, referred to the death of the late and the accession of the new KHEDIVE; to the Behring Strait arbitration, and to the establishment of Zanzibar as a free port. The proposals of legislation include the provision of Irish and the elaboration of English Local Government, a measure for extending small holdings, one for what HER MAJESTY, with demure pleasantry, calls "extending the advantages of assisted education to Ireland," Scotch private Bills, Indian legislative Councils, disrating of schools, Church discipline, evidence of accused persons, the relations of the Government and the Bank, and, finally, employers' liability. The Speech was read by the LORD CHANCELLOR; and then, after the usual suspension, the debate on the Address (which was moved and seconded by Lord DUDLEY and Lord LAMINGTON in the House of Lords, by Mr. HERMON HODGE and Mr. MILVAIN in the Commons) began in both Houses. Naturally all the principal speakers, including the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, referred to the death of the Duke of CLARENCE; while the further melancholy duty of commenting on the death of Mr. SMITH was incumbent on, and suitably discharged by, the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, in the House of Commons. In the House of Lords Lord KIMBERLEY bestowed his usual painful and praiseworthy mediocrity on the attempt to pick holes in the Speech. He was let off rather mercifully by Lord SALISBURY, who made a good pronouncement on Egypt, and took the opportunity to reiterate his satire on the pitiful humbug of Gladstonian language about District Councils. In another place Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (evidently remembering the brilliant young Hibernian barrister who defended a poacher by an eloquent panegyric on SANSFIELD) "declined," as military persons say, the Speech almost entirely, but was terribly concerned for the feelings of the Roman Catholics of Ireland and the oratorical reputation of Lord ROBERT CECIL. Mr. BALFOUR handled Sir WILLIAM lovingly, and as one who would, please Heaven, have occasion to make use of Sir WILLIAM frequently hereafter. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL bewailed himself as an Irish Roman Catholic (for it is a *tie* that they have), apparently under the impression that he was speaking somewhere else, on something else, and to somebody else. A debate which, though not flat, was not very eventful, ended by the negating without a division of an amendment of Mr. JAMES LOWTHER's, urging reciprocity arrangements with the colonies. The usual enormous number of notices of private Bills was given, the most objectionable being the attempt made by Mr. PENROSE FITZGERALD, who ought to know better, but is, after all, member for the *town* of Cambridge, to introduce among

the undergraduates of the University of Cambridge the state of health which the Purity gang have successfully reintroduced among HER MAJESTY'S soldiers and sailors.

The sitting on *Wednesday* was short and rather languid. Mr. SEXTON gave notice of an amendment dealing with "the manifest failure of the Land Purchase Act." "Yet" was not the knight forsworn. Several members—not, as a rule, of the first importance—discussed various points in the Speech and out of it, and then a little more interest was aroused by a series of questions on foreign affairs by Mr. BRYCE. This brought up Mr. J. W. LOWTHER, who had been prettily complimented by his amiable, if misguided, questioner, and proceeded to justify the compliment. The chief points of his answer were the information that the sauce with which England is to be cooked in the Behring Strait matter is to be prepared by three *chefs*—an Italian, a Frenchman, and a Swede—if they will be so good; that the Newfoundland matter was getting on fairly as between England and Newfoundland, but that nothing could be said about France.

Matters on *Thursday* were considerably livelier, the interest centring in a battle-royal between those faithful friends Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. MORLEY, who fell out very well, but did not proceed, at least in the sight of the House, to the renewing of love. The quarrel touched most points now in debate; but the most important thing, perhaps, about it was that it extracted from Mr. MORLEY a rather awkward, but pretty distinct, denial of any intention to evacuate Egypt at once or reverse the policy now pursued there. This is very unkind to Mr. GLADSTONE, who, to please Mr. MORLEY, committed himself to an exactly opposite opinion at Newcastle. This encounter was preceded by some conversation on the unsavoury matter of Mr. DE COBAIN—out of which Mr. HEALY tried to extract a little party capital, but had his illicit still rudely broken up, not only by Mr. BALFOUR, but by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—and followed by a discussion, originated by Mr. J. REDMOND, of the present condition of the imprisoned dynamiters. Meanwhile, in the House of Lords, Lord LONDONDERRY had been, perhaps, not wrong in inquiring about the police protection granted to Nationalist leaders; but Lord CADOGAN and Lord SALISBURY were certainly right in declining to answer. The QUEEN OF ENGLAND knows, and should know, no difference between her subjects when, not being engaged in actually illegal work, they seek the assistance and protection of her laws.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** The foreign news of the end of last week consisted chiefly of rumours of prosecutions of ex-Ministers and officials in Portugal, details of one of the unwise brushes between Armenian ecclesiastics and the Porte which do Turkey so much harm, and a criticism by the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* on MARLOWE'S *Dr. Faustus*. The lull in the subject continued into the present week, but a languid attention being paid to the fight over religious education in Prussia, and the efforts made by the French party in Egypt to captivate the young KHEDIVE.—It was reported, and can well be believed, that the South American States almost without exception resent the conduct of the United States to Chili. And, indeed, the small boy who chuckles seeing his small neighbour kicked and arm-wrenched for nothing by a big bully is a most weak-minded as well as ill-natured small boy.—On Tuesday morning the trial of Count LIMBURG-STIRUM, a Prussian official or ex-official, who had had the unheard-of audacity to criticize the Government in print, and was mulcted of his pension and his official title accordingly, to encourage the others, was the chief item of a budget of foreign news which continued to be very featureless.—At home two matters of some interest as bearing on foreign

affairs were reported in Tuesday's papers—a lecture by Captain YOUNGHUSBAND on his travels in the Pamirs (which, however, carefully avoided touching the “burning” parts of the question), and a further remonstrance by the Liverpool merchants on the way in which France has been permitted to edge out and block up British trade in Western Africa.—Negotiations, not as yet leading to any results, have been going on in reference to the interminable Czech-German quarrel in Bohemia, and the Spanish anarchists at Xeres (who had been previously reported as sharing the sentiments of the late Mr. DENNIS on a celebrated occasion) were garrotted on Wednesday, much to the indignation of their brethren in Barcelona, who threw bombs, with a fatal result, in order to convince the authorities of the innocence of Anarchists generally.—The grumbles as to the new tariff are increasing in France.—It was announced yesterday morning that the good Brazilian people were going to bring another revolution or two; that Russia was about to console France for the snub in the CHADOURNE matter by clubbing squadrons in the Levant and patrolling the seas under the piratical nose of certain corsairs hailing from a perfidious island, not necessary further to mention.—A new railway combination in America and bad reports of the famine in India completed the budget as far as general interest went.

On yesterday week Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, reversing the usual order, began the series of storms which is to blow London from Unionism into Gladstonism with a very still small voice at Kennington. His friend Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, however, made it up by a solo on the bombardment at a banquet at Southampton, where we regret to see that the baked meats are said to have been but coldly furnished. We all know that, if the walls of Unionism were as the walls of Jericho, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would be the man to lay them low; but happily their constitution and circumstances are different.—Mr. JOHN MORLEY spoke at Newcastle on Saturday, on the subject of National Insurance, with care and weight, and with a much more scrupulous abstention from politics than is often found in non-political speeches.—On Wednesday Sir HENRY JAMES spoke at Bury, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH addressed the Chamber of Shipping, and Lord CARRINGTON at Liverpool had the astonishing audacity or maladroitness to hold up Irish loyalty in the matter of the Duke of CLARENCE's death for admiration. Lord CARRINGTON seems to have a habit of taking his hearers for fools. Or had he forgotten that, immediately before the melancholy event to which he referred, the Dublin Corporation had, with equal puerility and indecency, refused to congratulate the QUEEN on her grandson's approaching marriage?

#### The Law Courts.

We do not think that the interest shown in that very unfortunate person, Mrs. OSBORNE, is so unreasonable or so sentimental as some good people, doing cynicism on the cheap, have tried to make out. The circumstances are very peculiar, and besides, though perjury is a very grave crime, there is a clear distinction between perjury committed in self-defence and perjury of the offensive and aggressive kind. In strictness, the ordinary plea of not guilty is a kind of perjury in all but the formal circumstances of the oath—yet it has not generally been proposed to make it penal. The matter was the occasion for further blundering on the part of what is, perhaps, the worst managed office in the whole domain of Redtapia, the office of the Solicitor to the Treasury, and has been the subject of comment, assuming the guilt of the accused, in organs of public opinion which might have been credited with better taste.—On Monday Mr. STOREY, M.P., added to his run of luck in the matter of the Silks-worth evictions by obtaining a verdict for libel against a Sunderland paper. Mr. Justice GRANTHAM announced that further investigation had changed his opinion in the case of HOOPER v. LARGE, and retracted his remarks on the defendant and his solicitors; and an unseemly wrangle took place between Mr. COCK, Q.C., and the COMMON SERJEANT over the penalty—inflicted for a libel in a financial paper—on Mr. PERRYMAN.—On Tuesday Mr. HERMANN VEZIN obtained something more than a hundred pounds damages from the Colchester Theatre Company for injuries from a “quick curtain.”—On Wednesday Mr. LABOUCHERE, like his friend and fellow-statesman Mr. STOREY previously, had luck in a libel action, but as defendant, not plaintiff; and Mr. Justice STIRLING established an important point by holding two of the Directors of the Anglo-Austrian Printing Company liable for their qualifying number of shares.

Some protests have been made (not before it was necessary) as to the singular fashion in which the Post Office authorities left the mails carried by the *Eider* to take care of themselves, or be taken care of by anybody who would be so polite.—The quarrel epistolary between those two great Progressives, Mr. CHARLES HARRISON and Sir THOMAS FARRER, waxed warm on Wednesday, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, in the spirit of Mrs. QUICKLY, discovered that the Duke of WESTMINSTER is an unjust man for not paying Sir GEORGE's rates for him—that is to say, as the Duke's agent, with cruel suavity, has since pointed out, for not paying a rate of twenty pounds out of a ground-rent of fifteen.—On Thursday morning Mr. SCHNADHORST denied rather tartly that he had limited the size of the skin of the bear which the Gladstonians are going to kill by estimating the majority at thirty. Mr. GLADSTONE, from his Paradise, wrote to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, in this Inferno, expressing himself becomingly on the subject of the Duke of CLARENCE. Lord DERBY agreed with Lord SALISBURY on the small-holding question for three most characteristic reasons—(1) that people seem to want them; (2) that if they succeed it will show that they are a success; (3) that if they fail it will prove satisfactorily that they are a failure.—Biblical criticism raged unmitigated by Parliament, Mr. HUXLEY venturing on a dangerous sneer at the reciprocal theory of Biblical and ecclesiastical authority, and Professor STANTON of Cambridge interposing a caution, not new but very much needed by the defenders of orthodoxy, that more is lost than gained by endeavouring to force science and the Bible into harmony.—An interesting scheme for the provision of nurses in rural districts was published, with the signatures of divers ladies.—The battle over the New Forest rifle ranges continues.

This day week there was published from Lord Miscellaneous. ROSEBURY a manifesto, *in re* the L. C. C., the tone of which may be guessed from the declaration that the policy of the L. C. C. has been “large, generous, and democratic.” Few will dispute the last epithet; as to the others, a large policy would seem to mean a policy of *largesse*, and a generous policy one which is generous with somebody else's money.—H.M.S. *Victoria* was safely floated off last week, and the smallness of the damage she experienced is, at least, testimony to her being soundly built.—The City Chamberlainship, an office of good emolument and much dignity, went, as was expected, to Mr. Alderman CORRON.—Attention was drawn in the early part of the week to the project of securing by subscription for the British Museum a very interesting gold cup from the collection of Baron PICHON, which has been a good deal talked about of late, and appears to have once formed part, for no inconsiderable time before the beginning of the seventeenth century, of the royal plate cupboard in England.—The dead body of Mr. SPURGEON and the living one of General BOOTH have reached the shores of England during the present week, and in combination have presented a facile subject for the meditative. The dead man was buried on Thursday with no unnecessary pomp, but with great and sincere mourning; as we write, a corrobory of gigantic dimensions is being prepared for the reception of the live one.—Sir CHARLES HALL was (subject to the approval of the Crown) elected to the very important and now decidedly valuable office of Recorder of the City of London on Monday—a very good appointment. On the same day two deputations waited on Mr. MATTHEWS, one from the Socialists, who want to be allowed to make nuisances of themselves at Chelsea, and the other from London cabmen deprecating the extension of the radius.—Very active measures have been taken to crush, if possible, the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease.—Some strange and horrible stories were told on Wednesday as to the doings on board a Greek vessel, the *Empirikos*, wrecked off Scilly, and it appeared that the London County Council the day before had once more exhibited its partly puerile and partly insane hatred of landlords by imploring railway Companies not to pay them for tunnels under their property.—The London coalporters' strike was already causing serious inconvenience yesterday, and the poor were paying extra for their handfuls of coal that the sacred principles of Trade-Unionism might be maintained.

The President of Queens' was one of the oldest members of the University of Cambridge, and an Oriental scholar of considerable mark.—

Mr. HUNTER RODWELL was at one time well known as an



English member of Parliament, and Count DE LAUNAY as an Italian diplomatist who had taken part in the Berlin Congress.—Professor ALFRED GOODWIN had accumulated more University distinctions than almost any other classical scholar of the younger generation at Oxford.—Sir JAMES CAIRD was one of the instances—not very common, but gratifying when they occur—of a man who really knows more about a subject than any one else, and acquires in his lifetime the authority and acknowledgment which he deserves. For many years past he has had no rival in the department of agricultural economics, and it can hardly be said that he leaves any one who can take his place behind.—The death of Colonel JAMES GRANT, of Househill, the companion of SPEKE, and, we think, the very last of the pioneers of modern African exploration, removes a man singularly modest and loyal, who had a very large number of private friends, and had done not a small public work of which England has only to reap the fruits if she chooses.

The chief book of the week, the very title of which is a delight in these whiny-piny days, is the late Miss MARIANNE NORTH'S *Recollections of a Happy Life* (MACMILLANS). The NORTHs have the art of autobiography by kind; and their privilege is not discredited by this latest specimen.

#### THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

IT was not expected that the present Session of Parliament would be opened by an exciting QUEEN'S Speech, and no unexpected attraction was offered by it to curiosity. The paragraph as to the recent loss of a child of England cannot fail to command sympathy, but does not invite comment. Of the subjects of foreign policy referred to in it, none, so far as the reference went, is of surpassing interest. Had the excellent sentence in which Lord SALISBURY, replying to Lord KIMBERLEY in the House of Lords, defined the relations of England and Egypt as a determination on the part of England that no other Power shall meddle, appeared, instead of the *pro forma* references to TEWFIK Pasha and his son, there would have been, of course, a flutter in the Gladstonian newspapers and a floundering among French Chauvinists; nor was there any special need to cause either. If the weather were a little finer, if it were earlier in the century, and if there were nothing particular to do, the paragraph about Zanzibar and the freeing of its port might, in a lazy and fervent Free-trader, induce visions of airy navies, not grappling, but unloading, in the central blue, and all the other cheerful dreams of forty or fifty years ago. But it is February, and the Exhibition of 1851 is a long way off. As for the Behring Strait arbitration, the resigned Briton knows that the arbitrator, whoever he is, will, whatever the case, give, in all probability, the shells to England and the oyster to her opponent; and he has long been accustomed to "write off" anything submitted to this kind of treatment. Nothing was said of Newfoundland, nothing about the Pamir dispute. As to the former, there is probably nothing—at least nothing satisfactory—to say, and we fear there is not soon likely to be. As to the latter, it would also appear to be the official cue to say as little as possible; and for this reticence we can imagine good reasons.

The programme of domestic legislation offers no surprises, and not very much even for comment. No one could expect that, after their self-committals, the Ministry would find it possible to drop the Irish Local Government Bill. They were in a manner pledged likewise to offer to the fortunate agriculturist, not, indeed, good weather, nor fair prices for his produce, nor anything of that kind, but—the chance of forming an *x*-hundredth part of a district palaver. Some measures which the pure and patriotic zeal of the Opposition succeeded in strangling last year—such as the Clergy Discipline Bill, and that for improving Private Bill legislation in Scotland—had to reappear. Mr. GOSCHEN'S proposals were pretty sure to be alluded to rather than disclosed in the form of some proposed alterations in the Bank Acts. And after Lord SALISBURY'S Exeter speech nobody had any right to be startled by the suggestion of a Small Holdings Bill; in which also there is nothing necessarily to object to. It is true that a thrifty man does not usually replant his garden with crops which have shown themselves manifestly unsuited to the soil, the climate, and the neighbouring markets; but, if he likes to try the experiment, there is no great harm

in it. Altogether, the programme—the one blot of the Irish Local Government Bill excepted—is well enough, and not by any means extraordinarily full. The Parliament of fiction—an assembly of just and earnest men differing a little about means, but agreed in wishing the national good—could get through it easily and retire to the grouse with a good conscience as soon as ever the grouse were ready for it. The Parliament of fact—which is composed of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURTS, Mr. LABOUCHERES, Irish Nationalists, Scotch and Welsh Home Rulers, and alas! faddists and fools of whom no party and no subdivision of the country has the monopoly—can have no difficulty in failing to get through a single item. On the whole, more will probably depend upon management and "riding" than has been the case in any Session for a long time. We pointed out at the time of Mr. BALFOUR'S taking the leadership how unusual was the risk he was running; but an unusual risk means an unusual opportunity, and he has the good wishes of all politically good men in his task.

#### CABMEN AT HOME.

THE HOME SECRETARY must be inclined to wish that all the deputations he received were from cabmen. The speakers who addressed him on the proposed extension of the radius last Monday knew exactly what they wanted, and how to make their meaning clear. Unfortunately for themselves, they did not all think alike. "If they had 'been unanimous,'" said CURRAN, of his nocturnal companions, "they would have pulled me out of bed." But they worked in different ways, these *dēmarχοι τῶν στρομάτων*; and so did the cabmen. None of them seemed to like the idea of extending the radius, though four miles from Charing Cross is rather short in the present overgrown state of London. But they had positive recommendations to make—and then their witness agreed not together. If they had contrived to preserve even the outward appearance of harmony, such is their persuasive powers that Mr. MATTHEWS would doubtless, in the current slang, have "tumbled to" them without hesitation. Mr. BEASELEY, of the Cabdrivers' Union, protested against what he called "butterfly drivers." These gay and gaudy, but ephemeral and unscrupulous, beings only drive cabs in summer, when the occupation is pleasant. Mr. BEASELEY thinks this kind of thing ought to be stopped, that the lives of these insects are too happy, and that, like soldiers or policemen, they should be compelled to serve the whole year round or not at all. The introduction of military, or even of police, discipline into the ordinary occupations of civil life would neither be easy nor popular. At the same time, Mr. BEASELEY'S critics seem to have forgotten that the question is not between liberty and interference, but of the length to which interference should go. A cabman requires a licence, and is subject to the authority of Scotland Yard. Terms imposed for the convenience of the public may be humanely varied for the comfort of the men. Mr. BEASELEY also wants the law to settle what the driver should pay the proprietor, because it settles what the public shall pay the driver. Here we get into the region of those theoretical politics where the conclusions are apt to suffer from the uncertainty of the premisses. MACAULAY said that no man was a Free-trader when he had to take a cab on a wet night. Consistency would, he thought, always give way to the overmastering misery of having to haggle and bargain under such conditions. That was when, as Lord ROSEBURY put it, there was too often a beast in the shafts and a beast on the box. Nobody is as much bound to drive a cab as everybody is sometimes bound to take one. The will of the incipient cabman is always free.

On the subject of the "bilker system," of which Mr. MATTHEWS professed ingenuous ignorance, we must all agree with Mr. BEASELEY. Bilking a cabman is almost as bad as stealing from a blind man's tray, and we would fain hope, for the credit of *ÆSCULAPIUS* and his chance of corks, that the "member of the medical profession who has bilked no 'fewer than forty cabmen'" is a myth. Mr. EARL, who is satisfied with the present arrangements, and simply wants to be let alone, drew quite an idyllic picture of plying for hire in London and the suburbs. He has been so engaged for thirty-six years. Twenty-four of these he spent within the radius. For the remaining twelve he has been outside it. But he really does not know which is the more enjoyable of the two. His present plan (present address,

not given) is to ignore Acts of Parliament, which, indeed, are troublesome things, to keep a good cab and a good horse, and to charge a good price for the accommodation afforded by the same. What more can a man do? "If he were 'cruel to his animal,' he added, 'Mr. COLAM would be 'down on his collar directly.' Far different is the experience of Mr. KEMPSTER and Mr. GORDON, who have tasted less of the sweetness of life, and seen more of the wickedness of the world. Mr. KEMPSTER, not unreasonably, demands that, if a man will neither pay his fare nor disclose his address, the police should have the same power to arrest him as if he had been travelling in a railway or a tramcar. That alteration of the law would, however, hardly meet the case of the villain who has himself driven to a familiar spot, steps down a passage, promising to return in a moment, and is never seen again. Mr. GORDON's faith in his species has been shaken, like so many other people's, by his experience of Vestrymen. His first complaint against these degraded functionaries is, perhaps, slightly captious. They will, he says, only take a cab when they cannot get an omnibus or a train. We must confess that, as rate-payers, we read this passage in Mr. GORDON's speech with some relief, having been previously rather inclined to believe that Vestrymen took as many cabs as possible at the expense of the rates. But when Mr. MATTHEWS inquired, in some bewilderment, what Vestrymen had to do with it, their true character came out in lurid colours. "They never 'want to pay the fare, or, when they do, they always want 'to bate you up hill and down dale." Such is the effect of persistent indulgence in Vestrydom upon those who must once have been innocent children, pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw. After carrying a Vestryman, it must be almost a treat "to take a nursemaid and a perambulator "on the top of your cab."

#### EGYPT.

VIENNA is not, as a general rule, the source from which prudent and well-informed persons take their foreign news. The inhabitants of that agreeable city are Athenian in more ways than one; and the situation of the Austrian capital, both geographical and political, makes it rather a hotbed of rumour than a centre of criticism. There are, however, obvious reasons why Viennese reports as to the probable action of the new KHEDEVE of Egypt should at least demand a little attention, seeing that ABBAS Pasha was educated in Austria, is very well known there, and has but just left the country. According to these reports, ABBAS has got the idea of "Egypt for the Egyptians" firmly fixed in his head, has rather a desire *faire seul le bonheur de son peuple*, wishes to throw open staff appointments to Egyptian officers, and seeks to limit the period of British occupation. Nevertheless, he will "continue to justify the confidence of "the British Government."

There is the less reason to doubt the accuracy of this statement that it is one which, without any private or exclusive information, a tolerably shrewd observer might have drawn up for himself. No very young man of tolerably decided character, such as ABBAS Pasha is believed to be, likes to be in leading-strings, and in leading-strings the ruler of Egypt certainly is. Moreover, it was, perhaps, a pity, and can only have been due to a mistaken deference to foreign susceptibilities, that ABBAS was not educated in England. There could have been no better substitute than Austria, a country with which at almost all times, except during the silly furore for Italy during the middle of this century, England has almost invariably been on the best of terms, and where there is no anti-English feeling whatever. Still, Austrian ways are not English, and the young Prince has not had the opportunity of making English friends, accustoming himself to English military life, and so forth. All which things considered, though there is neither need nor reason to anticipate serious trouble, the task before the English representatives, military and civil, is one of some little delicacy, in face especially of the certain, and indeed actual, attempts to curry favour with the KHEDEVE in other quarters. They have, however, two cards of such strength in their hands that nothing but very bad play indeed can jeopardize the game. In the first place, they are there; all, or nearly all, the threads of government are in their hands, and, small as is the present army of occupation, it is everything. But they have other resources besides mere

possession and mere force. It is believed that ABBAS is decidedly intelligent, and it is asserted, and is probable, that his aspirations are in the direction of as much independence as he can obtain. His intelligence should surely tell him that, if he were to have recourse either to Turkey or to France to edge out, or even merely to disoblige, England, he would run the danger which is held out in a dozen different fables in all languages. The Bey of Tunis represents a far older and a far more independent authority than that of the Khedive of Egypt; and ABBAS must be well aware how that authority fares in French keeping. As for the SULTAN, his intentions are undoubtedly excellent, and his authority undoubtedly legitimate; but his power is less undoubted, and even a very young KHEDEVE must hesitate to put his head back under the very girle from which his own ancestors practically emancipated themselves. On the other hand, if the control of England is a little galling, it is used for purposes which the KHEDEVE himself appears to have at heart, and it is strictly and religiously limited to these. The "strange and anomalous experiment," as Lord SALISBURY rather strikingly called it, has kept steadily in view the purpose of enabling Egypt to stand by her own strength, and, unless a fit of insanity comes upon her, England will assuredly "never abandon "Egypt either to the supremacy of another Power or to "the destruction of disorder and anarchy."

#### SIR GEORGE AND SIR WILLIAM.

WHY Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN should have been selected to open the Gladstonian campaign for the reconquest of London, and why Kennington should have been chosen as the base of operations, are secrets of the art and mystery of the wire-puller into which it does not become us to pry. We refrain from asking what, if any, is the special affinity between the place and the person, and which of the two it was that suggested the other; whether some "organizer" muttered musingly "A speech at Kennington," and then, in a sudden flash of inspiration, cried "TREVELYAN is the "very man for it!" or whether, in perhaps a somewhat different mood, one said at some conference of local leaders, "Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has offered to help us," whereto another with a downward brow exclaimed "I know! Send "him to Kennington!" Still less would it be becoming to ask whether, if the latter theory be the correct one, the despatch of Sir GEORGE to this particular metropolitan outpost was in any degree determined by the fact that it has already been captured by the army of which he is a distinguished officer. In the absence, however, of any information on these points, we can only respectfully wonder at the mode in which the Gladstonian council of war has decided to open the attack. One would have expected them to let loose their most pugnacious orator against the most resolutely hostile constituency they could find; to have "dumped down" Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, for instance—with reverence be it spoken—in the centre of the Strand Division. Instead of which, Sir WILLIAM is allowed to go to Southampton on that very night, and in a "cold and "draughty" room, over a cold dinner, to deliver a speech, "condensed in consequence" of his natural desire to get back to his hotel to dine. We certainly bear no such ill-will to the Kennington orator as to wish him an uneatable dinner in a too-well-ventilated room; but we certainly think that, in the interests of the "cause," for which both statesmen would, we are sure, be ready to make any sacrifice of personal comfort, Sir GEORGE and Sir WILLIAM should have changed places.

The latter would, at any rate, have given us something with a little more animation in it than is to be found in the laboured preachment delivered by the former on the subject of metropolitan improvements and local taxation, or in the foolish and unworthy flatteries which he lavished on the moribund County Council. That Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would have dealt any more scrupulously with the demand "voiced," to use their odious lingo, by the Radical fad-mongers in their parrot-cry for the "taxation of ground "values," it might be too much to say; but we certainly think he would have dealt with it more discreetly, and with a less daringly pretended ignorance of matters on which he must be better informed, than was displayed by his colleague. For when Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN talks about "great London landlords getting property which they had "leased many years ago back completely equipped with



"schools, for which they would not have paid one single half-penny, but for which the precarious temporary tenant would have paid everything," and when he implies, for he is careful not to say expressly, that this state of things calls for the application of the crude expedient of dipping the hand into the pocket of the ground landlord, he must know perfectly well—what many of his audience do not—that the equities of the case are not to be so simply disposed of, and that the "precarious temporary tenants" will probably have been improving for the benefit of mesne lessees (who are apparently to escape scot free with their profits) for years before the land reverts to the original lessor. Nor, perhaps, would it be easy to find any man of intelligence equal to Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's who could with as little hesitation deliver himself of such rubbish as that "the House of Lords was full of ground landlords, and there did not sit there one single representative of the poorer ratepayer." One would have supposed that a rich ratepayer who may be paying a pound for every shilling paid by the poorer ratepayer would be no such bad representative of the latter; but perhaps there are no rich ratepayers in the House of Lords. The peers somehow mysteriously contrive to evade local taxation altogether. They draw their income from "ground values"—the amount of which is not in the slightest degree reduced by the fact that the occupier has to pay rates—and the London houses which they themselves live in have escaped the notice of the rating authorities, so that they pay nothing for them. All the Metropolitan interests of a member of the House of Lords—even though, like say forty-nine peers out of fifty, he does not own an acre of land in London—are exclusively landlord's, and in no respect ratepayer's interests. Surely Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN must sometimes regret his return to a party which, among its conditions of service, imposes upon him the duty of talking such nonsense as this.

#### OPERATIONS IN TRICHOTOMY.

MR. GLADSTONE has many grounds of discontent with the present House of Commons, which he would probably be glad to treat after the Cromwellian fashion, applying the same method to the election of its successor and to the mending of the House of Lords. One source of his dissatisfaction lies very deep. The House of Commons, as regards the distribution of parties in it, has contradicted a law of which Mr. GLADSTONE was the promulgator. One of Mr. GLADSTONE's predecessors, the late Right Hon. JOHN CADE, announced that in future the laws of England should proceed out of his mouth. Not the laws of England, but the laws of the civilized world and the moral universe, proceed out of Mr. GLADSTONE's mouth. Mr. GLADSTONE's method bears, in politics, a close analogy with the method of the Catholic Church, as explained in the late Cardinal NEWMAN's Essay on Development. A heresy appears; a dogma, hitherto not distinctly enunciated, though latent in the Christian consciousness, is formulated to contradict it. So with Mr. GLADSTONE; whenever it is convenient to him to take a particular course, or to resist an opinion or action which may be distasteful to him, he evolves and enunciates a law of nature, reason, or morals, to cover the particular case. Neither he nor any one else ever thought of it before, but it is straightway clothed in his mind with a permanent and intrinsic force, an original and eternal sanctity. Some five years ago, Mr. GLADSTONE made the luminous announcement that "dichotomy, not trichotomy, was for our times the law of the nation's life." We can scarcely recommend the sentence as an electioneering cry to Mr. SCHNADHORST. "No trichotomy! GLADSTONE and dichotomy for ever!" Yet, after all, we do not know. Dichotomy is a good mouth-filling phrase, quite as touching in its associations as Mesopotamia; and many an elector, in the rural districts, in voting for dichotomy would believe that it carried with it the promise of countless blessings—possibly, if the etymology of the words were explained to him, a halving of his landlord's property as opposed to a mere threefold division of it. Trichotomy however, we believe, means hair-cutting, or, perhaps, the splitting of hairs, as well as a tripartite division. To call out "No trichotomy!" might seem to be a sneer at an intellectual accomplishment of Mr. GLADSTONE's. HUDIBRAS, we know, "could divide A hair 'twixt south and south-west side." That, compared with Mr. GLADSTONE's dexterity, is very rough work. West-south-west, north-

north-east—Mr. GLADSTONE can divide a hair into as many filaments as there are points of the compass.

In the article which we have mentioned—a criticism in the *English Historical Review* of the later volumes of the *Greville Memoirs*—Mr. GLADSTONE wrote in autobiographic and apologetic vein respecting the conduct of the Peelites after their rupture with the Conservative party. When Mr. GLADSTONE is ostensibly autobiographic he is usually describing adversely the conduct of somebody else; his apology is almost always a condemnation of his opponents. The maxim *qui s'excuse s'accuse* does not apply. Mr. GLADSTONE excuses himself to accuse others. He says that all the Peelites were profoundly convinced that dichotomy, and not trichotomy, is the law of the national life—with the exception of the Duke of NEWCASTLE, who, we may parenthetically remind Mr. GLADSTONE, was only a Duke, and for whom, therefore, considerable allowance must be made, as anyone who will recall the political perversities of their Graces of DEVONSHIRE, ARGYLL, and WESTMINSTER may readily imagine. Mr. GLADSTONE, who is usually anecdotic when he is reminiscent, as fertile in an apt story as in a moral or political law, recollects having told the late Lord DERBY that "we" (the Peelites) were "a public nuisance." Possibly the dialogue is a hallucination of memory, like the conversation in which Sir ROBERT PEEL described to Mr. GLADSTONE his motives for taking a course which he never adopted in circumstances which never occurred. At any rate, it is probable that Mr. GLADSTONE confounds the part of the interlocutors, and that Lord DERBY made to him the remark which he supposes himself to have made to Lord DERBY. But in 1887, when he wrote the article to which we have referred, Mr. GLADSTONE was thinking, not of himself and the Peelites, but of Lord HARTINGTON and the Liberal-Unionists. His reminiscence, of the accuracy of which, we are sure, he has a firm conviction, which those who know the workings of his mind may be unable wholly to share, was simply an indirect way of telling Lord HARTINGTON that he is a public nuisance; though, of course, he may reply, "I did not say he is—I said I was." With Mr. GLADSTONE a personal inconvenience swells into a public nuisance.

By a curious retribution, the great dichotomist of theory is the great trichotomist of practice. We are not speaking now in the Hudibrasian or hair-splitting sense. It was Mr. GLADSTONE who, in 1886, dichotomized the Liberal party, so trichotomizing political England, in Parliament and in the constituencies. In 1890, Mr. GLADSTONE, inspired by the Nonconformist conscience, acting in the absence of his own, proceeded to dichotomize the Irish Home Rule party. The only party which he has not dichotomized is the Conservative party. He has divided his friends against each other and against himself. He has united his adversaries. It is to him entirely that the fact is owing that the House of Commons and the nation have now been pentachotomized. Mr. GLADSTONE's achievements in the way of disunion require a new vocabulary to keep up with them. The Fourth Party of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's days has been absorbed into what, in honour of its Ministerial position, we may call the First Party, and the person of Mr. BALFOUR leads it. The Separatist party has been trichotomized into Gladstonian Home Rulers, Parnellite Home Rulers, and Anti-Parnellite Home Rulers, the last two cordially detesting each other, and united only in an invincible distrust of Mr. GLADSTONE. There remain the Liberal-Unionists, whom in 1887 Mr. GLADSTONE did not despair of detaching from their duty by appeals to their interest and ambition. A third party, he told them, not being in the Cabinet, could exercise little influence in council, while their benefits were but lightly esteemed and their blows more keenly resented than if they came from avowed foes. Mr. GLADSTONE's understanding of the worse side of political human nature did not enable him to foresee, prevents him even now from understanding, the loyalty and good faith which enable upright men to subordinate party and personal feeling to a principle and a cause. But even he cannot fail to see that, while his own party, in spite of some numerical gains, is disorganized, the union of his opponents is more firmly consolidated than ever. After nearly six years of office, the Unionists still command a majority of seventy in the House of Commons, a reduction of their original strength far less than that to which the Liberal party under Mr. GLADSTONE's Administrations had to submit. In the fifteen elections, contested and uncontested, which have taken place since the prorogation, nine seats have fallen to the Unionists, and six—including three Irish seats—to the

**Separatists.** The proportion of Unionist successes to those of Gladstonians, as distinguished from Irish Home Rulers, has been as nine to three. In spite of South Molton and Rossendale, Unionists may keep a good heart. Mr. GLADSTONE'S operations in trichotomy are working for them.

#### MR. MORLEY ON OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

**M**R. MORLEY'S address to the "Loyal Order of the Ancient Shepherds" was somewhat open both to the reasonable and the unreasonable complaints of people who dislike "mere negative criticism." They will say that he did his best to destroy Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S suggestion of a scheme for providing the honest poor with old-age pensions, and that he put nothing in its place. This is unreasonable, because, if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S outline of a scheme is unacceptable, as likely to prove both ineffective and mischievous, there is no reason why anything should be put in its place. But if they go on to say that Mr. MORLEY debarred himself of the right to make this answer by arguing that something must be done to carry out Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S aim, and yet that he has nothing more profitable to suggest than the compilation of statistics by a Government department, they will undeniably have a case. As long as Mr. MORLEY confined himself to criticism he was unanswerable. The interval which has passed since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S scheme was published has produced no single argument in its favour which has shaken the pretty general impression produced by it. With more or less politeness, according to the side from which they spoke, all critics have in substance agreed that the scheme would not work. It would either not attract any great number of subscribers, in which case it would do neither good nor harm, or it would be used by the well-to-do workmen, who are well able to look after themselves, in which case it would entail a heavy public expenditure for men who have no right to help from the taxes, while the sickly and the reckless would come on the rates as before. Mr. MORLEY made some effective criticisms on the details of the measure; but, except for the purpose of driving his nail well home, he might have spared himself the trouble of dealing with more than the essential weakness of the whole scheme.

If Mr. MORLEY is subjected to the treatment which he applied so effectively to the crude plan of his old colleague, he will not himself be left in much better case. He is, it is true, safe from the full measure of destruction which he served out to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He proposed no scheme, even in outline; but only committed himself to the opinion that there ought to be one, gave his reasons why, and with them some vague indications of the spirit in which it should be constructed. These are not all solid substances for critical treatment; but neither are they so shadowy as to be quite safe from harm. It is enough to know that a politician is prepared to throw the burden of supporting the aged poor, in a manner less humiliating than the workhouse, on the "unearned increment," and the "lots of other sources," which Mr. MORLEY was sure must be available, though he could not think of them at the moment. Unearned increment is a convenient phrase, used mainly on platforms as meaning the property of the rich. If Mr. MORLEY proposes to lay the burden of paying old-age pensions on that part of the increased value of every man's possessions which is not provably due to his own personal exertions, it will be found that he has imposed on Government an even heavier task than the supervision which would be required by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S scheme. But Mr. MORLEY would not spare Government that form of trouble either. He told the worthy Society with the absurd name to which he was speaking, that the grant of a pension is to be given only to the virtuous poor, and not to the wastrel. That sinner may have, and we even gather is to be allowed to have, a hard time in the workhouse, for all Mr. MORLEY will do to save him. The distinction is an undeniable one, and had no doubt the full approval of the thrifty Ancient Shepherds of Newcastle. But when Mr. MORLEY comes to work his idea out we think he will find it impracticable without an amount of police supervision not inferior to that paternal German control which he drew so much applause by describing as intolerable to the free-born Englishman. What exactly is a wastrel, and who is to decide whether a given man or woman deserves the name, or is only a victim of that process of "speeding up" which, as Mr. MORLEY'S industrial friend

explained to him the other day, is driving all weak and elderly people from the workshops? These questions, and many other, will have to be settled before Mr. MORLEY is able to provide settlements for the meritorious poor which will cost the taxpayer nothing, because they will be cut out of the unearned increment when it has been first defined and then discovered. Suggestions of this kind are, perhaps, best treated as indications of the approach of the general election, and the necessity of proving one's tender care for the voting working class.

#### PRIVATE MEMBERS' BILLS.

**I**T is possible that the House of Commons may get to the end of the Debate on the Address in rather less time this Session than—with, of course, the exception of the *Autumnus Mirabilis* of 1890—it has taken to reach that point of recent years. But we are already in a position to say that, whatever amount of dispatch it may achieve, it will have been an hour and a half longer on the road than it need have been. For that space of time was, as usual, consumed in the wholly gratuitous and meaningless ceremony of public balloting for precedence with private Bills, of the reading out of the names as drawn by the Clerk at the Table, and of the solemn enumeration of the titles of the measures which they proposed to ask leave to introduce. At a time when daring innovators are actually asking why "questions" themselves should be orally put and replied to in the House of Commons, instead of being simply printed with their answers "on the Votes," it is singular that this much more wearisome and futile function should have survived thus long. Of course, we all know well enough why the list of private Bills, of which notice is given on the first night of the Session, has steadily increased, and has this year reached the portentous total of some two hundred and thirty odd. It has increased by the operation of those causes to which we owe the presence of the legislators like him who has promised us a "Bill to enable passengers in railway trains and steamboats to make use of 'return tickets at any time after the date of issue.'" Or, rather, since there is no one exactly like Mr. MORRIS, let us say that that which has given birth to the multitude of Parliamentary measures has also bestowed upon us the unique Parliamentary man. Two hundred and thirty Bills on the one hand; ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS *der einzige* on the other.

But though both the modern legislator and the modern itch for self-display be alike natural growths of the time, and though the one cannot be prevented from satisfying the other in various kinds of ways, there is certainly no reason why the House of Commons should go out of its way to multiply such opportunities at the expense of the public time. It is quite unnecessary to allow all these eager candidates for public notice to parade the House of Commons on their hobbies for an hour and a half, while the mere printed catalogue of their names and Bills in the newspaper Parliamentary reports supplies them with all the advertisement for the edification of their constituents that they can reasonably demand. Think, as the author of the immortal poem on the Battle of Blenheim exclaims, with a slight modification:—

Think of two hundred gentlemen at least,  
And each man mounted on his capering beast.

An allowance, however, of more than thirty for Bills which ought to be introduced, and of which notice has been given by persons who ought to introduce them, is, of course, vastly too liberal. There are a few Bills, like that of Sir HENRY JAMES, for the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal; of Mr. MILVAIN, to amend the law relating to corporal punishment, which undoubtedly should be brought in and discussed. There is another class of measure which, though they may not be judicious in their proposals, do at any rate deal with questions of public concern, which the authors of these Bills may not unreasonably be credited with having taken up on public grounds. Such, for instance, are the announced Bills to amend the Shipping Acts relating to the carriage of deck cargoes; to provide a close time for hares; to provide for the purity of beer (there are two members united in this purity league); to exempt members of fire brigades from serving on juries; to remove the electoral disqualifications of the police, and a few others of the same kind. But what can be said of the great mass of the others, except that they are either presumptuous attempts to lay meddlesome hands on Imperial questions of legislation, or



hurried competitions between Radical and Tory-Democrat tumbling over each other in pursuit of the popular vote, such as Mr. BARTLEY's and Sir BALTHAZAR FOSTER's Bills to provide "State pensions" or other provisions against old age for the poor; or exercises in Irish fanfaronade, like Mr. McNEILL's Bill to repeal the Crimes Act, or Mr. O'KELLY's to provide for the reinstatement of evicted tenants in Ireland; or they belong to that great host of fads which are nowadays deliberately "taken up" for purposes of self-advertisement by the pushing legislator. But in no one of these cases are they measures of a kind which their authors have the slightest hope of passing, or the smallest right to expect to pass; and the more restricted the facilities provided for employing them as a mere means of securing or extending the notoriety of these persons the better.

#### THE NEW STRIKE.

UNION officials have forced on another general strike in London on a point of "principle." The Coalporters' Union has called out all its members for no other purpose than to compel Messrs. CAMERON & Co. to dismiss a non-Unionist foreman. This is the real motive, though there is some pretence of complaint that the firm had not paid Union rates, and did get some work done for nothing. The dispute has arisen out of a mere misunderstanding. The complaint that work had to be done for nothing turns out on inquiry to be based on perhaps the most impudent pretence of a grievance ever devised. The Company has paid specially for the work of taking the tare of the sacks of coal on the proper ground that it is part of the work of weighing. The real grievance has been the refusal of Messrs. CAMERON to dismiss a non-Unionist foreman at the order of the Union. This man had been long in their employment, but suddenly the members of the Union refused to work with him any longer. Messrs. CAMERON supplied their place, and then the Union ordered a general strike. There is really little to be said about this story which has not been said about several previous strikes of the same character. It is an example of Union tyranny and of the insolent pretension to destroy all freedom of labour and of contract which distinguishes the new class of Unions. This fact alone is enough to show what course should be taken towards it. The employers are entitled to public sympathy and to the fullest possible protection by the police, and, if that force is insufficient, by troops. The Union men must be confined to the exercise of their undoubted right to refuse to work if they please. Any attempt on their part to go further and to terrorize free workmen must be rigorously put down. It will in this case be harder to supply protection than it was in the docks in the later strikes, or than it was in the case of the Metropolitan gasworks. Carts bound to out-of-the-way streets might require an escort which the police may not always be able to supply; but the utmost possible must be done, and if an example is made of all the rioters who can be caught, the others will be deterred from following their example. If the masters stand steadily by one another, refusing to yield, and not sending out their vans except when assured of protection, there can be little doubt the strike will end, as the conflict at the Carron and Hermitage Wharves did, by the defeat of the men. It is already noted that the price of coal sold in small quantities to the working class has gone up rapidly. The pinch will be felt at once by the class to which the strikers belong; how severely may be learnt from a letter in Friday's *Times*, from Mr. T. M. QUENNEL, of the Westminster Hospital, which shows that the sick poor under care of the Hospital are threatened with loss of fires already. If the strikers are not themselves tamed by it, they will soon see their places taken by free labourers. That this should be the speedy end of the strike is the manifest interest of the community, which has suffered too much from the freaks and the insolence of Union officials.

#### SIR JAMES CAIRD.

POLITICIANS of all parties and economists of all shades of opinion will unite with that, it is to be feared, decreasing but still considerable body of Englishmen who are directly concerned with the prosperity of British agriculture in lamenting the loss of Sir JAMES CAIRD. The

death of a man so well stricken in years can hardly, of course, be described as untimely; but it is certainly premature in the sense that the eminent agriculturist had proved within the last year or two that he was still fully capable of rendering valuable services in the digestion and co-ordination of those masses of important facts to which he has during the last forty years so magnificently contributed. We may be well content, however, with the work which he leaves behind him—a work which will be undervalued only by those whose defects of years, or knowledge, or imagination, incapacitate them from realizing the contrast between the state of our information to-day on the subject which Sir JAMES CAIRD made his own, and the condition in which it was when he commenced his untiring and fruitful labours. It is the fact, as we have been reminded with legitimate satisfaction by the *Times*, that the result of the inquiries which he undertook at the instance of that journal shortly after the repeal of the Corn Laws was to put the country in possession of "the only general account of the state of agriculture throughout England since ARTHUR YOUNG's tours, 'made upwards of eighty years before.'" The forty additional years since that account was rendered have been, especially the last two decades of them, so full of research, speculation, and controversy on the subjects dealt with in these memorable letters of Sir JAMES CAIRD's that it is difficult for those of a later generation to put themselves in the position of the men of 1850-51; and it should not be forgotten that the distinguished statistician and economist has himself done more than any one else to increase this difficulty by his continuous activities in the same field. During his nine years of Parliamentary life, during his tenure of office as Inclosure Commissioner, and afterwards as Senior Member of the Land Commission for England, his study and investigation of agricultural matters were unremitting; and he may be said to have crowned his achievements in research by the publication of his great work on *The Landed Interest*, a work in which the whole subject of British agriculture, its changes and progress in recent years, and its future, were elaborately and luminously reviewed.

Two characters not always found in combination were combined in Sir JAMES CAIRD, and it was mainly to their union that he owed the unique position to which he attained, and the invaluable services which he was able to render. He was a genuine agricultural expert, doubled with a sound economist; and his unwearied industry as a statistician was at once fertilized and guided by its association with the distinctive qualities of the economist and the expert. Another of his salient and most honourable characteristics was his resolute fidelity to the convictions to which his inquiries led him, and to his steady refusal to accommodate them to the political convenience of his party. It is difficult to doubt that the economist who was an early Free-trader, who warmly advocated the repeal of the Corn Laws, and undertook a virtual mission of encouragement to the agricultural classes after that great revolution had been effected, must have viewed the gradual but sure decline of the industry whose prospects he had viewed so hopefully with a disappointment amounting to positive pain. Yet, although his conclusions have again and again been quoted to the grave embarrassment of the more bigoted order of Free-trader, he has never been tempted, like so many men in his position, to qualify them or to explain them away. Sir JAMES CAIRD's name has been freely used of later years as a *cheval de bataille* by many a speaker and writer whom he can little have desired to serve, yet he never allowed himself to be drawn into controversy, nor even on any occasion exchanged for the partisan that character of the conscientious and impartial inquirer in which he had won the confidence of his countrymen.

#### HAMLET'S DAMAGES.

MR. HERMANN VEZIN'S unfortunate accident at Colchester has a better lining than the proverbial cloud. It must be an extremely unpleasant thing to be knocked down and stunned by a curtain. Indeed the consequences might have been so serious as to remove an old favourite of the public from the stage. Happily they were not fatal, and Mr. VEZIN, instead of being dead for a ducat, is alive with a hundred pounds in his pocket, besides his medical expenses. Mr. BROWNING has

described, with a sort of grave chuckle, how the actor who had been personifying Death met in the green-room what he had been trying to represent. Mr. VEZIN was not stabbed by LAERTES. But after expressing the familiar wish that this too, too solid flesh would melt, he can hardly have been prepared for such a wilful misunderstanding of his prayer as a knock on the head with a roller. The flyman should have reserved his attentions for the Ghost, instead of trying to make a ghost of the Prince of Denmark. It seems, however, that MARCELLUS was hit on the helmet, as well as HAMLET on the skull, and that the Colchester Theatre Company (Limited) had not sufficiently fixed their canon against the promiscuous slaughter of the performers. If there is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow, as HAMLET remarks with pious orthodoxy, there may be special clumsiness in the fall of a curtain, and in this case the jury found that there was. It was suggested, but not proved, that even SHAKESPEARE falls by repetition upon the mind of a flyman, and that this particular scene-shifter thought the scene had lasted long enough. The evidence of Mr. LOCKHART, the stage-manager, explains the accident, if it does nothing else. "I found it difficult," said he, "to use the ordinary signal—a bell, as I was acting, and could not always get to it when it was required to lower the curtain. I had, therefore, arranged to give two claps of the hand when the flyman was to stand to, and two claps when the curtain was to be lowered. I don't think the two signals were likely to be mistaken." Mr. LOCKHART is a sanguine rather than a cautious man. One distinguishes between the dressing-bell and the dinner-bell partly by the aid of a watch, and partly because the dressing-bell has the priority. But if our lives depended upon there being no confusion, we should probably desire the establishment of a more obvious difference.

The real question was whether Mr. LOCKHART or MILES the flyman caused the disaster. Mr. LOCKHART being Mr. VEZIN's own manager, the jury must have thought that MILES was solely to blame. As for MILES, he could only throw the blame upon the curtain, which he called a "quick" one. But, after all, a curtain has no volition, and its velocity is not under its own control. Besides, the quicker the curtain, the more carefully ought it to be treated. The immediate cessation of accidents in theatres, like the immediate abolition of Christianity by law, would be productive of serious inconvenience to large classes of persons. The sensational novelist, who will in the long run always beat the theological out of the field, would be nowhere if a superfluous personage could not go to the play in the rude insolence of exuberant health, and be brought home a mass of charred and blackened remains. But the actors are, from this point of view, not worth injuring, and protection might be accorded to them without any indirect disadvantages. The report that Signor SALVINI had killed several DESDEMONAS was, perhaps, only a tribute to his natural manner of dragging the lady across the stage by the hair of her head. The flyman's own account of the accident to Mr. VEZIN and Mr. BARNET is graphic enough. "I could not," he deposed, "see all the stage. As I began to lower the curtain the stage appeared to be clear, and then the actors seemed to come under, and were struck." There are circumstances in which the pavement seems to come up and hit a man in the eye. But the experience is illusory, as also was the idea of the undergraduate that the quadrangle was revolving, and that he must wait until his staircase faced him. It must have struck the jury as improbable that HAMLET and MARCELLUS were so much absorbed in the ghost story as to walk deliberately under a falling curtain, even of the "ordinary quick" variety. There are those who contend, with superficial plausibility, that Sergeant BRETT would not have been shot by the Fenians at Manchester if he had not put his head in the way of the bullet. If Mr. VEZIN, not being, like HAMLET, fat and scant of breath, had bolted as soon as the curtain began to be let down, he would probably have escaped. But the omission to accomplish this gymnastic feat did not amount to contributory negligence on his part.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SUCCESSION.

THE proceedings at the meeting of the Liberal-Unionist party on Monday last at Devonshire House had the twofold interest of a leave-taking and of a welcome. It was the Duke of Devonshire's first public opportunity

of bidding farewell to his followers in the House of Commons, and it was their first public opportunity of approving his virtual nomination of his successor. By so describing it we do not, of course, intend to suggest that Sir HENRY JAMES's ready advocacy of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's claims to the succession was otherwise than self-inspired. We have no doubt at all that the prompt representations made by him to his chief with regard to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's unique fitness for the leadership of the Liberal-Unionists in the Lower House were perfectly sincere. This, however, does not touch the obvious fact that the appointment of the member for West Birmingham to the vacant post was a matter of necessity rather than of choice, and that, if Sir HENRY JAMES had not, with graceful timeliness, recommended Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, the Duke would have had to recommend him to Sir HENRY JAMES. It might be too much to say, perhaps, that the party could not be kept together in the House of Commons on any other terms; but it is pretty certain that to have appointed any one but the leader of the Radical-Unionists to the command of the joint Liberal and Radical forces of the party would have been a course fruitful in future difficulties and complications. We shall not be far wrong, probably, in assuming that the arrangement actually arrived at was as much desired in the interests of good understanding and smooth sailing by the Moderates of the Liberal-Unionist party as by their more advanced associates.

Its sound policy, indeed, was proved, we think, if proof were required, by the speech in which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN returned thanks for his election. His declaration of his still unchanged, and even unchastened, Radicalism will, as it is, do good rather than harm; and now that the new leader has relieved his mind by delivering it, we are likely to hear much less about it in future than we should have done if he had been serving under the orders of a Moderate commander. It is sufficient now to take note of it and to do no more. It has always been well understood that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is in favour of Disestablishment, and that though he has been and still is willing to subordinate his opinions on the subject to the interests of the Union, he retains his freedom to put forward his views whenever he "thinks fit to do so." Only now that he is the leader of a party containing many men as determined to uphold the Established Church as he is to maintain the Union, we may perhaps be permitted to conclude that he will not again openly canvass for Radical and Nonconformist votes for the maintenance of the Union by holding out to their owners the promise of the Disestablishment of the Church. In a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility" that might have been all very well; but it will hardly square with the duties and decencies of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's new post, and we may rely, we are sure, on his not repeating the manœuvre. Apart from any such possible, though no doubt improbable, abuse of his authority as leader, there is no reason to fear any embarrassing consequences of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's "advanced" opinions. All that was necessary to observe upon his declaration was contained in Mr. EDMOND WODEHOUSE's brief remark that, "with reference to questions outside the Union, such as had been indicated in the speech to which they had just listened, he asked leave to claim for the more moderate Liberals in the party the same freedom in dealing with them as they arose as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN desired for himself." It is true that the frequent assertion of this claim and counter-claim respectively by the two sections of the party would not tend to promote its unity and strength; but it is to be hoped that, with the general election approaching, the moderation and good sense of both will render it possible for them to ignore, rather than to emphasize, their divergencies of opinion.

#### THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THREE weeks from to-day the election of the new County Council for London will be held. Unlike the last occasion, there will be a determined contest, and it will be fought out on new and well-defined grounds. To judge by the general disgust and contempt excited by the weekly performances of the Progressive majority of the present Council, there can be no doubt about the decision of the ratepayers. The victory of the Moderates in the last School Board election must, with good organization, be repeated. And it ought to prove a more complete victory than this



was; for some eight or ten seats were lost then simply by a timid underrating of the strength of the party of common sense. If on no other ground, this fact alone makes it imperative that every seat should be contested by the Moderates at the County Council election, and the vacancies in the list of candidates be completed with the utmost promptitude. The question before the electors is exceedingly simple. There is no fear that they will allow themselves to be duped as in 1889. The "non-political" dodges will no longer work with the deluded ratepayers. Possibly there may be a few Radical candidates who will seek to catch the credulous by labelling themselves "Independent," or by disclaiming the political fight which their own tactics alone have made inevitable. But, in every instance, it is important that these Independent persons should be opposed by Moderates, even though their devices are as transparent as the manifesto of the Nonconformist Council. It would be strange, indeed, if that effusion should mislead any sensible person as to the partisan spirit that inspired it. The third clause of this document is nothing more nor less than a recommendation of the present County Council for re-election. It endorses for the edification of grateful ratepayers the antics of the nostrum-mongers and faddists who have made a mockery of local government by their muddling, and covered the County Council with ridicule. Upon these persons the electors will have to pass judgment. They must have ill learned their weekly lessons if they are led astray by Progressive programmes or promises. This is no time to talk of policies or programmes. To get rid of those ignorant and incompetent babblers is the only policy worthy of the attention of ratepayers. And with this object before them the Moderate candidates need no other programme. This, and this only, would well content the long-suffering London ratepayers.

If, then, the very simplicity of the question before the electors is a happy circumstance, it is not less satisfactory to note that it has greatly simplified the Progressives' tactics. Their hand has been forced. In 1889 they obtained power by a sham—by the virtuous pretence of abhorring politics. But when once placed in power, they played the politician, each after his own fancy or frenzy, with an insolent disregard of the opinions and requirements of those they were elected to represent. As the new financier, the censor of morals, the temperance lecturer, the obstructor of street improvements, and other fantastic figures, they have strutted through their self-assigned parts with the passionate conviction of those who know they have but a short time. The bewildered ratepayers have long since sickened of the familiar display. But now there is no prospect of success in reopening the game by playing with concealed cards. Accordingly the Progressive members, as Progressive candidates, have united in setting forth their aspirations in a big programme, a programme of more than Morleyan or Newcastle proportions. It is an indigestible medley of the pet crazes of each individual Progressist. Here are reforms and "demands" that might fitly emanate from the makers of chaos and the masters of misrule. Among the rest we note Trades-Union rate of wages, the strict eight-hours rule, the purchase of gas and water, confiscation of markets in private hands, abolition of vestries, Harrisonian "betterment" and finance, rate-supported hospitals, control of the police, of the Parks, and of Trafalgar Square. In short, we have each Progressist crying for his own particular moon. The London Ratepayers' Defence League have taken the ridiculous programme very seriously. On behalf of the Moderates, they have dealt with the eighteen modest propositions of this precious document in a succinct little circular. Comment on this point is needless, and may well be postponed to the platforms of candidates. Decidedly the party of common sense could not desire a more effective instrument than this amazing programme. It should go a long way towards proving at the election that the London County Council, or one section of it, is not in one sense so incorruptible as Lord ROSEBURY imagines. There was a time, Lord ROSEBURY observes, when he earnestly looked for the election of "men of business capacity" on the County Council. Surely these programme-makers are not the men he desired, though by his praise of the Council it does seem so. We fear he will find very few ratepayers to sympathize with his regret that so little can be accomplished in three years. "If it be the pleasure of London," Lord ROSEBURY writes, "to reverse what has been the policy of the last three years, it will be probably found at the end of the next term that nothing has been done in

"six." Of course, Lord ROSEBURY does not intend that this sad conclusion should be accepted literally. It is only the figurative expression of his faith in Progressivism. But were the forecast reasonable, it does not abate the delight of the prospect. If little can be done in three years, a good deal may be done next March. By electing a County Council of business men the ratepayers will have done a day's work that would more than compensate them for the barren six years that Lord ROSEBURY fears.

#### THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

WE are accustomed to find a marked contrast between the terrible things which the Opposition threatens to do with HER MAJESTY'S Ministers when it catches them, and its very mild actions when the opportunity is at last presented. But the contrast has never been so visible as in the debate which began in the Commons on Tuesday. In spite of the efforts of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to give an air of spirit to the hostilities of his party by the unexpected delivery of a platform harangue, tamely echoed by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, the debate languished from the first. It was not possible on Tuesday evening to feel or even to simulate interest in Mr. J. LOWTHER's amendment. That the mother-country should be released from all treaty obligations which debar her from entering freely into arrangements with her colonies is a commendable or a useless suggestion according to the advantage which it is proposed or is possible to take of the freedom so obtained. Mr. J. LOWTHER would give the colonies a preferential tariff for their produce, and apparently leave them to give what they please in return. His unshakable loyalty to all he can preserve of a policy of Protection is touching; but most people are persuaded of the truth of Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's complaint that we have yet to learn that the colonies will give us anything in return for a tariff which will be useless to them if it does not raise the price of raw materials to us. A freedom of which no practical use can be made is not worth the diplomatic efforts which would be required to obtain it. The depression of Tuesday became the hopeless dulness of Wednesday. Mr. BROADHURST's fears that the Government intend to jockey the suffering working-man of his Employers' Liability Bill, and the pacification of Mr. BRYCE's anxieties about the Consulate-General at Erzeroum, were very appropriate to the private members' afternoon, but were not sufficient to give vitality to the debate on the Address.

The contrast between promise and performance already noted in the conduct of the Opposition was appropriately enough most marked in the speech of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. We can hardly believe that the will to make an effective attack on the policy of the Ministry was wanting to the deputy-leader of the Opposition, and it would be both rude and unfair to assert that he is without the power, had the opportunity served. If, then, the attack was not made, an explanation must be looked for elsewhere. There are some who will continue to believe that inability to find a convenient ground for attack on the acts of the Ministry supplies the true reason for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's decision to break into a rambling criticism of the PRIME MINISTER's speech at Exeter and of Mr. GOSCHEN's character as a financier. The necessity to speak—which is not itself obvious—and the inability to find anything appropriate to talk about may explain the course which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT took. Lord SALISBURY's fatal habit of "sneering" at the poor, and his wicked persistence in reminding his hearers that the majority of Irishmen still loudly profess their devotion to principles and methods of action which Mr. GLADSTONE was in the habit of describing in terms of some violence a few years back, supplied Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT with the matter of a large part of his speech. Historical remarks on the character and conduct of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and laity, their wrongs and loyalty, eked out another set of paragraphs. The House of Commons had the opportunity of learning that Sir WILLIAM had not neglected the speech delivered by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL before the PARNELL Commission. That speech was, in fact, kept well before the attention of the House, for Sir CHARLES did not allow himself to be deprived of the right to make use of it again by the accident that his leader had forestalled him. He went all over the ground once more, and the House, therefore, enjoyed the advantage of being twice supplied with much useless information

about the history of Ireland, and twice instructed by quotations from Mr. LECKY and Mr. FROUDE. Sir W. HARCOURT introduced his attack on what had been said by Lord SALISBURY at Exeter by an equally inappropriate criticism of what Mr. GOSCHEN had said at Leeds and in London. The obviously fitting comment on all this was made by Mr. BALFOUR. It was all utterly inappropriate to time and place, which would condemn it even if it had merits not visible in Sir W. HARCOURT's harangue. Long comment on speeches delivered before Parliament met and complaints of the oratorical style and scornful disposition of the PRIME MINISTER are in a speech on the Address simply examples of the practice of wasting time on talk which both sides of the House have agreed in theory to consider as thoroughly inexcusable.

If it is in the nature of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to recognize that he has made a mistake, he must have experienced that very unpleasant sensation as he listened to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on Thursday night. Had he kept to what was fitting for the occasion, he would not have given the new Leader of the Liberal-Unionists in the House of Commons such an admirable chance to take seizin of his place by administering one of those castigations of an old colleague which, as Mr. MORLEY complained, are so very unseemly when they come from the Front Opposition Bench. There was really no reason why, at this early date, the Gladstonians should have laid themselves open to the question why they do not produce their idea of a Home Rule Bill. It is not manifestly to their interest that all the world should be again reminded of the terrible dilemma which is before them. We all know that the Gladstonian stands bound to fit Ireland with a subordinate Parliament, and also to satisfy the Irish members of both sections, who have declared that they will have nothing to say to subordination. It is true that "Rossendale does not ask for full knowledge," as Mr. MORLEY has had the admirable candour to tell us; but that is only one reason more why it was so unnecessary to invite the supply of knowledge to Rossendale. Looked at from what we imagine must be the Separatist point of view, the invitation was injudicious. Viewed from the other side, the opportunity was good, and was well used. Rossendale, indeed, does not ask for full knowledge, and that is the conviction which supports the Gladstonian Liberal when he reflects what will happen when Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's form of Home Rule has to be reconciled with the demands of both sections of Irishmen as expressed by the *Freeman's Journal*. Still, it is not well to despair of the possibility of compelling Rossendale to assimilate knowledge; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN administered the dose effectively. Nor was the reminder of the desperate nature of the task they have set themselves the only unpleasantness which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT brought upon his party by insisting on talking when no talk was needed. If not before he had finished listening to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, then certainly before Mr. MORLEY was done, even the deputy-leader of the Gladstonians must have regretted that he had brought in Lord SALISBURY's "attack," so called, on the Roman Catholics. It was so very injudicious on the part of a colleague of the author of certain pamphlets on the Vatican Decrees, and also of the author of some not unknown pronouncements on "clericalism." Quite apart from the opening he gave Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT led his own colleague into saying what some indispensable supporters of their party will certainly take very ill. With the experience of the last fifteen months before him, it is amazing that even Mr. MORLEY, liable as he is to say the most inconvenient possible things, should have slipped into his distinction between the Roman Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic laity. Is it conceivable to Mr. MORLEY that there is any validity in this distinction? The Roman Catholic Church and laity have not been divided in Ireland yet, nor is there any prospect that they will be divided. The Church which "takes its stand upon ignorance" is mistress in Ireland, and that Mr. MORLEY thinks he can serve his cause by reasserting his opinion of it, and then endeavouring to draw a distinction between priests and clergy, is one of those things which give some plausibility to the common belief that the member for Newcastle is no great favourite with the managers of the Caucus.

#### CRUFT'S DOG SHOW.

THE eighth great Dog Show arranged for by Mr. Cruft, and held under Kennel Club rules, has been open during the present week at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. The classes seem all well filled, and we learn from Mr. Cruft's circular that there are over three thousand entries, and that "dogs are booming." Whatever this expression may mean, and we deplore the use of a word so purely American in connexion with an animal so honest and highminded as the dog, the three thousand and odd entries were making themselves heard when we paid our visit to the Hall. There is nothing more interesting in a dog show than the various ways of bearing their destiny exhibited by the different animals. We find every emotion depicted on their countenances, from the most resigned philosophy, to the most frantic curiosity and excitement. The dogs who spend their lives in a round of shows can be at once detected; they either put themselves in complacent attitudes, posing as "champions," or boredom is seen in every line of the figure tightly curled together, sleeping the sleep of the weary and disgusted. The nervous temperament is most strongly displayed among the terriers, and the amount of warm-hearted interest and excited attention which they bestow on the moving crowds around them is a pathetic spectacle, when we reflect how vastly superior they are in intellect and character to those who are "judging" and criticizing their merits. The collies are divided into two classes—the sadly depressed or the nervously quarrelsome—and we watched two enlivening the time by a good deal of sparring and bad language.

The bulldogs, as a rule, take life very quietly, and we specially remember the calm and benevolent charm of expression in the countenance of one of this breed, who owned the name of "Lady Salisbury." "Bedgebury Lion" we noted among those who knew he had no competitors worth looking at, and as long as we watched him he did not deign to cast a glance on his companions, but received with a smirk the comments of those whose remarks were sufficiently appreciative. In observing the collies, a class not very largely represented, we were again reminded of the faults which seem inseparably connected with breeding for shows, and it was difficult not to believe that the heads had been taken off the neighbouring deer-hounds and screwed on to the collie bodies. The heads of those who encourage this breeding of long narrow heads in the collie are certainly not "screwed on straight." Sable coats of too excessive "wooliness," with a good deal of white, are the almost invariable colours, and we only saw one good specimen of the old-fashioned bright, glossy black and tan broken with white, and that one is exhibited by Her Majesty.

The best Skye terrier, in our opinion, at the show is "Medoc," belonging to Mr. W. Miller; but here, again, we can only say that the genuine Skye terrier, as described by us last week in reviewing *The Dogs of Scotland*, does not exist in any of the exhibits under this head, and the judges seem so totally unaware of the points in a true Skye that we doubt, were one presented for their inspection, if they would recognize it under any "class."

This depressing folly in breeding exaggerated "points" is very noticeable in the poodle class, somewhat artificial in appearance at the best, but with intellects too good to be made such monstrous absurdities of, as is "Tissie," the prize bitch. No lover of dogs can see these subjects of man's folly and not feel sorry for "the nobler animal." We wish to say as little as possible of the class of "toy dogs"; "the smallest dog on earth" is here shown in a glass case with perforated lid. Mr. Cruft calls it "a waistcoat-pocket edition," and, like most such editions, the type is execrable. If the Kennel Club would exclude all such abortions and deformities from its shows, they would act with sense, the folly of women would not be encouraged, and the degradation of the canine race would not be the aim of so many breeders. We have more sympathy with the largest dog in the show, a Thibet sheep- or wolf-dog, standing thirty-six inches high at the shoulder, and measuring from "tip to tip" seventy-four inches. He is a noble-looking animal, and has the additional merit of having "a perfect temper," and is also credited with "intelligence." Where good temper and intelligence go hand-in-hand, dog or man is worth his weight in gold. It is a rare combination.

Before concluding our remarks we would like to notice the very fine specimens in the Show of what, in our opinion, is the most beautiful and intelligent of the smaller kinds of dog—the black Pomeranian. Mrs. E. J. Thomas has some beautiful exhibits in this class; and, if they could be deprived of their shrill bark and improved in their tempers, there are no brighter and pleasanter companions than these small dogs.



## HIGH VELOCITY IN FIELD-GUNS.

WHILE the deficiencies of our heavy ordnance have lately occupied public attention, the anxiety as to our field-gun has by no means been set at rest. As we have had occasion already to point out, the experience gained has shown that the armament of our Horse Artillery batteries is by no means satisfactory, and that the 12-pounder is so heavy as to become an obstacle to their efficiency. Our opinion has been corroborated and endorsed on all sides, and it is admitted that a radical change in equipment must be made. If, as seems probable, it is determined to manufacture a new gun altogether for our horse batteries, the present appears to be an opportune moment to raise the question whether an excessive velocity and a great range are absolutely necessary, especially for a weapon which is to be used in conjunction with cavalry, and which will, therefore, be seldom in action, except for brief periods and at decisive ranges. Every one will admit that the great hindrance to constructing a suitable field-gun lies in the difficulty of combining power and mobility, high velocity and flat trajectory, with strength and lightness. The heavy charge of powder in use with the 12-pounder generates an excessive recoil, which has to be counteracted by complicated brake arrangements. These, by checking the revolution of the wheels, cause them to be strained and shaken. Every nut and rivet in the whole carriage is jarred, and, finally, a "jump" is developed, which interferes with the accuracy of fire. But the mischief does not end even here. The high velocity is gained, not only at the expense of the carriage, but of the projectile. The violent forces in the bore break up projectiles formed of the ordinary cast iron, and steel has to be employed for shells, a material not only more costly, but less well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. Cast iron breaks up readily into small pieces, and allows the force of the bursting charge to have full effect, while a steel shell is strong enough to resist the explosion inside it too effectually, is only partially opened, and does not fly into splinters. Other difficulties also arise in connexion with fuzes, and these have, in fact, proved so insuperable that the great powers of the 12-pounder cannot be fully utilized—as regards shrapnel, at any rate—because a time fuze cannot be made to act at anything except ordinary ranges. The situation, therefore, is this—that, if you insist on high velocity, you have to add so much additional machinery to your gun-carriage, and have to so greatly strengthen its construction that you destroy its mobility, while even if you gain a long range you are still unable to make use of your most efficient projectile at it. Moreover, since the remaining velocity of its shrapnel is a truer measure of the value of a gun than its initial velocity, and the two are by no means directly proportional, it does not follow that we benefit as much as we might expect by submitting to these disadvantages. Thus, the 12-pounder has an initial velocity of over 1,700 feet per second, and a remaining velocity at 3,000 yards of 862 feet; while the 13-pounder, with an initial velocity of only 1,560 feet, has at the same range a remaining velocity greater by 6 feet per second than that of its rival. One of our highest authorities on field artillery has, indeed, recorded his opinion that, as regards the efficiency of shrapnel, we gain nothing by the increased muzzle velocity of "the best field-gun in Europe" at all practical ranges. Moreover, it is the attempt to squeeze out the last few extra feet that does all the harm.

If we did not open our mouths quite so wide, we might more readily get what we require, and attain excellence by discarding an extravagant ideal. For, if our shrapnel practice is not improved, it may fairly be questioned whether the excessive muzzle velocities now in fashion are worth all the trouble they entail. They give us an increased range and a flat trajectory, no doubt; but the advantages of a flat trajectory against an entrenched enemy (and in the next European campaign the spade will doubtless play a prominent part) are highly problematical, and may even be altogether denied; while exaggerated ranges, even if fuzes could be made to act at them, find little favour with tacticians. A great deal of nonsense has recently been talked as to availing oneself of the full powers of a gun. Victorious armies, as a matter of fact, have never done so; and an artillery which held selfishly aloof has doubtless escaped heavy loss, but has inflicted little on its opponent, and has kept its detachments entire at the expense of the infantry of its own side. We shall doubtless be told that even the war of 1870 is now "ancient history," and that experiences drawn from periods when small arms had not attained their present perfection are of no value. It must be remembered, however, that artillery have likewise recently forged ahead, and that the relative difference between the arms was then much the same as it is now. According to all theory before the war, batteries could not have lived under the rifle fire they on many occasions, twenty years ago, triumphantly survived. They could theoretically have as little faced the chasseur at 1,200 yards as we are now told modern guns can cope with the

small-bore at 1,600 or 2,000. Over and over again, according to all rules and ranges, they should have been annihilated, but lived to defy augury and to warn us of the danger of relying too much on theoretical deductions. It has been more than once contended of late years that artillery will not be able to live even at ranges of from 2,000 to 3,000 yards under the "stream of lead" which magazine rifles and machine-guns are to pour upon it. Rhetoric fortunately is not always reason. If the operation of "pumping lead" is to be successfully performed, an almost ideal system of range-finding must first be discovered. Gunners, with the advantage they possess of being able to see the results of their shots, have had considerable experience of the difficulties of picking up the range even at the shorter distance specified above, and will know how to discount over-confidence. Doubtless ranges will in the preliminary stages of a fight be somewhat longer than heretofore; but to gain decisive effect, to give the knock-down blow that establishes victory, the two opponents must ultimately come into collision, and, moreover, the dread of long-range fire may make them seek to do so quickly rather than the reverse. The Russian General Kouropatkin has said that the fire from an entrenched position did not increase in intensity as the attack advanced. On the contrary, its effect seemed more terrible at 2,000 than at 600 metres, because as the assailants approached the defenders lost their heads, the more cowardly ceased to fire altogether, and the great majority let off their rifles in the air. The Germans, who are not likely to have left either machine-guns or small-bores out of sight, have little confidence in long-ranges, and long-range fire on artillery is discountenanced as a rule. Their guns are instructed in their newest manuals of drill not to avoid "even the very heaviest infantry fire at decisive moments," and they consider that the "artillery duel" should be fought at less than 3,000 yards. Their unique experience of war has taught them that the losses the guns may suffer is counterbalanced by the strengthening of the infantry morale which such co-operation will ensure, and they realize that a gun well lost is as proud a boast as one captured. Soldiers in the excitement of the battlefield will ever prefer to see results with the naked eye, and the limit of human vision must always circumscribe ranges to a large extent.

The teachings of history show us that successful artillery tactics must likewise be essentially fearless. The comparatively long range of its guns was on many occasions during the American war a disadvantage rather than a benefit to the Federal army. Both generals and troops preferred utilizing the long range of their arms to coming to close quarters; "consequently much time and ammunition were wasted in firing into woods, and at imaginary bodies of the enemy." The experience the Prussians had gained during the campaign of 1866 taught them in their next war to encourage their batteries to come into action at shorter ranges than before, and accordingly we find that, in spite of the well-known capabilities of the chasseur, the vaunted powers of the mitrailleuse, and the fact that their guns had a decided advantage as regards range over those of the French, they always sought to open fire within a mile of the enemy. Viewed from a purely theoretical standpoint, their tactics might, indeed, often have been regarded as foolhardy. At St. Privat the German artillery of the Guard were from 2 o'clock till nearly 6 p.m. under fire of three French battalions lying down under cover within 800 to 1,000 yards. Two other lines more or less concealed were a little further off up the slope, and likewise brought their fire to bear upon them. The front line of sharpshooters harassed them with an unremitting fire during the whole of those four hours, yet did not succeed even under such favourable circumstances in making the guns shift their ground. Similar notable instances of artillery disregarding their losses and pressing on gallantly in support of infantry to close ranges, or obstinately standing firm in the skirmishing line, likewise occurred on the Rotheberg, at Spichenen, and at Vionville; while Hohenlohe takes particular pride in showing, from the medical returns, that 75 per cent. of the wounds received by the batteries under his command, in 1870, were due to rifle-bullets. In the face of such examples we surely need be in no hurry to assign our guns positions absurdly far from their objective. The prophecies of peace-times have ever harped on the destruction the next campaign must witness, and have ever demonstrated the advantages of the defence. The annals of the battlefield have, on the other hand, ever vindicated the resources which lie in human nature, and recorded the triumphs of common sense. It may be, and doubtless is, a most enticing and absorbing puzzle so to balance forces that the maximum range and the minimum weight may be produced; but, if those who have to fight the guns are contented with something which gives better practical results, even if not so theoretically perfect, it seems almost like pedantry to try to do more than satisfy them. In an article such as this it is not possible to more than briefly indicate some of the further disadvantages very high velocity entails. Its

effects are not detrimental to the gun-carriage and the projectiles alone. The increased rotatory motion which must be imparted to the shrapnel in order to ensure its steady flight causes the bullets to be unduly scattered when their envelope is rent, and they make what Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey would call "a bad pattern," in consequence. It is also more difficult to correctly adjust the fuze, and a further element of uncertainty is brought about by the excessive "jump" which we have already referred to. Lastly, it must be mentioned that the exaggerated estimates of what high velocities can accomplish depend on the assistance of range-finders to a large extent, and that, even if it be admitted that distances can be accurately and quickly determined in action (a large concession indeed), we are still far from deriving all the benefit we are theoretically credited with from that knowledge. The force of powder is so greatly affected by atmospheric conditions, by the time it has been in store, and by other influences, that at anything except short ranges the amount of elevation necessary to send the projectile a certain distance must be arrived at by actual experiment, or, in other words, by trial-shots. What the gunner, therefore, needs to know, in order to make good practice, is not so much the distance his target is from him as the elevation required to enable a shot to reach it, at the particular moment he is firing, and with the particular brand of powder with which his cartridges are loaded. From which considerations we are brought to the conclusion that it is as unsafe to prophesy in gunnery as it is in other matters.

#### CONWAY.

EVERY place-name, of course, has its history and its meaning, however overlaid by mispronunciation, misspelling, and ignorant guessing. Some of the most famous names in European history are mere geographical descriptions, like Trafalgar ("the other Cape"), or Finisterre, or Finisterra, or Land's End, each of them what may be described as a "sailing direction." It is the same with the very distinctively English-looking name of Conway. Yet other landmarks close at hand show us that it is corrupted Welsh, and is, like the names just mentioned and many more, only a geographical expression. Three important rivers run into the Irish Sea, between the old border of wilder Wales under Snowdon, and the inner stronghold of England at Chester. The Welsh words for first, second, and third are, respectively—in the colloquial language—*cyn*, *ail*, and *trydydd*. To these add *wy*, for "water," and we obtain *Cynwy*, *Ailwy*, and *Trydyddwy*, or more commonly, *Trydynwy*. All these are rivers. The first is the Conway. The second retains its old name, and flows past St. Asaph's Cathedral, called by the natives Llanailwy. The third is in English the Dee. A little philology is a dangerous thing, and misapplied has led guessing men into Queer Street by Chere Reine Cross and out by Eald-gate. But here there cannot be much ambiguity, and certainly the local topographers may be forgiven for saying, as some of them do, that the river Conway deserves to be termed Number One, as it is the most picturesque river of its length in Europe; and if *Con* means "a prince," like the German *Fürst*, it is *facile princeps* among the streams of the Mesopotamy of North Wales. Aberconwy, the estuary of the Conway, remained long the name of the abbey here, which is said to have been founded by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, Prince of Wales and Lord of Eyrery, or Snowdon, some time in the twelfth century. For a long period, varied only by incursions of Danes, excursions of Welshmen, and a triennial or quinquennial conflagration at the hands of the Normans and English, the history of Aberconwy was peaceful and strictly ecclesiastical. If you stand in the High Street now, with Plas Mawr, a grim, gaunt old manor-house of the Mostyns, worthy of further mention by and by, on your left, you may, to use a word which, no doubt, Mr. Brander Matthews would call English of the sixteenth century, "locate" the Abbey where that pretty little "Castle Inn" stands now, and extend its boundaries eastward towards the Porth-is-af, or water-gate, until you come to Mrs. Jones's corner, where a fourteenth-century house now boasts alone the name of Aberconwy. Behind the street line the conventual buildings extended but a few yards towards the church, a low, squat, venerable, and, it must be confessed, in spite of a really conservative "restoration," very ugly building. We used the name of Mrs. Jones above by no means in vain. We wished to secure "local colour." The persistence of local family names in Wales is one of the ethnologist's standing marvels. A recent traveller asserts that in the neighbouring city of Bangor both the minor canons, both the solicitors, several doctors, a majority of the innkeepers, grocers, butchers, bakers, and other tradesmen, bear the same name as he of the submarine locker; while in another adjacent town, in the principal street, of nine shops in a row, five were marked with this name, and two with that of Williams;

but Williams pertaineth rather to Glamorgan, and is foreign in Carnarvon, though one John Williams is the great boast of Conway. Strange that Jones, which is so much more English than Welsh, should prevail as it does throughout this Welsh-speaking region, where Ewan or Evans, which is comparatively rare, though far from uncommon, might have been expected, as the vernacular form, to supersede it. But the fact remains; the towns that lie round Snowdon are in the region chiefly inhabited by the great clan Jones; and among them is and was Aberconwy. But in 1284 Edward I. displaced the rurally disposed convent. As a fact, their house, small as it was, took up by far too great a portion of the narrow space within the walls of his newly fortified town. The Cistercian monks, who were wholly pastoral in their tastes here and elsewhere, migrated to Maenan, but the site of their house was known for centuries as the Spital. The church as we now see it may contain relics of the time when it was a "minster"; and until the dissolution the abbey at Maenan was bound to provide it with two English chaplains and one to preach in Welsh; and its fabric, poor as it is, compares not altogether unfavourably with the Cathedral of the diocese, especially as the Cathedral was before Sir G. G. Scott rebuilt the greater part of it.

Few probably would glance twice at the church of Conway, were it not that Wordsworth, by a single line, has cast the glamour of his poetry over it. Long strings of American and English visitors ask the sexton for "the grave of 'We are Seven,'" and assuredly, if a low green nameless hillock suffices them, they come away fully rewarded. Others may prefer to look at the bust of Gibson the sculptor, by his brother R.A., Mr. Theed, or to spell out the epitaph of "Nich's Hookes of Conway, Gent. who was the 41st child of his father," and who died in 1637, having himself become the father of twenty-seven children. Not very far off, opposite a Dissenting chapel, is what remains of the house in which Archbishop Williams was born, a prelate now chiefly remembered, perhaps, for his re-foundation of the library of Westminster Abbey, but known in his own day as Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to James I. and Charles I., the last ecclesiastic to hold high legal office; as the stern opponent of Archbishop Laud, and, finally, when the war broke out, as a stout soldier, who alternately, as he thought the scales of justice were inclined, took part with or against the King in holding Conway Castle, but died, it was said, of grief when he heard of the tragedy at Whitehall. The effigy of the great Williams is in a neighbouring church; but that of his mother, recently removed from the chancel, is still within the church of Conway.

To the antiquary and historian, perhaps, the walls of the town are more interesting than the castle itself. As Mr. Clark observes in his *Medieval Military Architecture*, the castle and town taken together form the most perfect example of scientific fortification of the thirteenth century now to be found in England, if not in Europe. Neither would be so perfect without the other. We can see which towers of the castle commanded the approach from Porth-Uchaf, which from Porth-y-felin. Although the castle forms one side, or corner, of the triangular space enclosed by the town walls—whence the local tradition that it was built in the shape of a harp—it is independent of the town, and fortified separately. When we ascend the towers we see at once that it differs wholly in intention from the fortifications, whatever they were, on Diganwy, at the opposite side of the estuary; because the castle is, so to speak, self-supporting, being pushed forward across the tide into the enemy's country, and being formed above all things for security. The town and castle commanded the pass into Wales, but the castle also commanded the town, whose streets lie open like a map to the view from the ramparts. Something of the nature of a causeway, probably washed away later, all but connected the English and Welsh sides of the Conway; and, when troops were to be marched in, low water, pontoons, and bridges of boats may have been made available. The spot is now doubly marked by Telford's graceful suspension bridge and by Stephenson's tubular bridge, surely one of the most needlessly hideous structures ever inflicted by the ingenuity of engineers on suffering humanity. Here, by being so much smaller, so much nearer the eye in every view, and so much more in contrast with the suspension bridge, it has a much more unpleasant aspect than its companion at the Menai Straits. By a fortunate arrangement with the Crown lessee, completed with great forbearance and public spirit on both sides, the castle practically belongs to the Corporation, which takes good care of it. The curatorship is held, or was lately, by a Mr. Jones of course, who deserves great credit for repairs which are not restorations. The views from the ramparts are in every way charming. We can look across the water to where King John pitched his tents before the castle was built, and whence he returned home, as we are told, in a great rage, leaving the region full of dead bodies. Hence, also, a little later Henry III. retreated after losing half an army from sickness and famine. Edward I. saw the necessity of a crossing and a tête de



point, and built his castle beyond the tide. A great mountain slopes away westward up a wide green valley, five miles long, to the summit of Tal-y-fan, 2,000 ft. high. To the north-eastward the smoke of a train carries the eye toward Llandudno and the Great Orme's Head. The Conway mountain, bristling with villas and towers, and crossed by the bastions and curtains of the old wall, cuts off the view of the sea on the north; and due south over the confluence of the Gyffin and the Conway, rises a succession of noble hills and intersecting valleys, celebrated doubly by their beauty and the uncouth character of their savage names. Could even Scott have done more than rhyme in Llanfairfechan and Pen-llithrig y-Wrach, or Dwygyfylchi and Eglwys-Fach?

Nor is the interior of the town without its attractions. The water-gate with its quay defined by the ancient crenellated walls and towers, the uphill climb to the other gates, the woods and gardens of the suburbs, are in part without the fortifications; and within, we easily discover at least two objects of worthy art. One is the old Plas Mawr, already named, an Elizabethan house full of carved oak, and the other is an inn also mentioned above, in which the decorations and wall-paintings are by Mr. J. D. Watson, R.I., since deceased, whose rich, bright style lends itself peculiarly to this kind of employment. Conway has one other good quality, rare indeed in England, but perhaps a little more common in Wales; every one belonging to the town is proud of the old castle, the old walls, the old houses, and the old church, and would neither, as in Scotland, destroy them for jute mills, nor, as in England, hand them over to the fury of the restorer. This rare state of things deserves recognition in a day when any one who loves art or antiquity is so constantly bidden "Remember Llanthgwylog; remember Westminster."

#### FOURE-FOOTED BEASTES.

**A**MONG the many quaint old books on natural history that have come down to us, there is none quainter than "The Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes, describing the true and lively figure of every Beast, with a discourse of their severall Names, Conditions, Kindes, Vertues (both naturall and medicinal), Countries of their breed, their love and hate to Mankind, and the wonderfull worke of God in their Creation, Preservation, and Destruction. Necessary for all Divines and Students because the story of every Beast is amplified with Narrations out of Scriptures, Fathers, Phylosophers, Physitians, and Poets: wherein are declared divers Hyeroglyphicks, Emblems, Epigrams, and other good Histories, collected out of all the volumes of Conradus Gesner and all other writers to this present day." By Edward Topsell. A book which is now by no means common, and is therefore not so generally known as it deserves to be. This Edward Topsell appears, from his own account, to have been, in 1607, when his book was published, "Chaplaïne in the Church of Saint Buttolphe Aldergate"; but a poor preferment, apparently, as he tells us that he had "not any accesse of maintenance, receiuing no more but a labourers wages." We are informed that his "endeavor and paines in this Booke was that he might profit and delight the Reader, where into he may looke on the Holyest daies (not omitting prayer and the publicke service of God), and pass away the Sabbaoths in heavenly meditations upon earthly creatures," and he succeeded so well in his endeavour that the reader must be hard to please who cannot find much to delight him in the curious *pot-pourri* of fact and fiction which the worthy divine collected together in his 760 folio pages. Of course in the early days of the seventeenth century zoology had not been raised to the dignity of a science; in fact, it had advanced but little, if at all, since the days of Pliny, whom our author constantly quotes as an authority. And it may, therefore, be easily imagined that fiction very largely preponderates over fact; but the result is quaint beyond measure. Topsell tells us that he followed "D. Gesner, a Protestant Physitian, as neer as he could," and adds the odd remark, "A rare thing to finde any Religion in a physitian, although Saint Luke, a physitian, were a writer of the Gospell." He evidently expected that many of his tales would be received with incredulity; for in his epistle dedicatory he says:—"For the rude and vulgar sort (who being utterly ignorant of the operation of learning, do presently condemne all strange things which are not ingrave in the palms of their own hands, or evident in their own heards and flockes) I care not. I may remember you of a Countrie tale of an old Masse-Priest in the daies of Henry the eight, who, reading in English after the translation of the Bible the miracle of the five loaves and two fishes, and when hee came to the verse that reckoneth the number of the ghests or eaters of the banquet hee paused a little, and at last said they were about five hundred. The clarke, that was a little wiser, whispered into the priests eares that it was

five thousand, but the priest turned backe and replied with indignation, Hold your peace, sirrha, we shall never make them believe they were five hundred. Such priests, such people, such persons I shall draw upon my backe, and although I doe not challenge a power of not erring, yet because I speake of the power of God, that is unlimitable, I will be bold to averre that for truth in the Booke of Creatures (although first observed by Heathen men) which is not contrary to the booke of Scriptures."

So delightfully quaint is the whole book that it is impossible to open it without finding something amusing, and the good stories are so many in number that it is equally impossible to say of any of them that they are the best. Among the descriptions, however, the following is distinctly good, and will commend itself, we imagine, to all lovers of cats, and, further, it is an excellent example of the author's style:—"It is needlesse to spend any time about her loving nature to man, how she flattereth by rubbing her skinne against ones Legges, how she whurleth with her voyce, having as many tunes as turnes, for she hath one voyce to beg and to complain, another to testifie her delight and pleasure, another among hir own kind by flattering, by hissing, by puffing, by spitting, insomuch as some have thought that they have a peculiar intelligible language among themselves. Therefore how she beggeth, playeth, lespeth, looketh, catcheth, toseth with her foote, riseth up to strings held over her head, sometimes creeping, sometimes lying on the back, playing with one foot, sometime on the bely, snatching now with the mouth and anon with foot, apprehending greedily anything save the hand of a man with divers such gestical actions it is needlesse to stand upon." As showing that our author was not ignorant of the habits of animals that came under his own observation, we may notice that he states that weasels "kill, eat, and devour" moles "because of their long slender bodies, they are apt to creep into the holes of the earth"; a fact which, if we may judge from correspondence which from time to time appears in the natural history columns of the *Field*, is not even yet as well known as it should be. The following, *à propos* of moles, is too good to be omitted:—"When the wormes are followed by molds (for by digging and heaving they foreknow their owne perdition) they fly to the superficies and very toppe of the earth, the silly beast knowing that the molde, their adversary, dare not followe them into the light, so that their wit in flying their enemy is greater then in turning againe when they are troade upon"; and finally we commend the following prescription to those who are troubled by these mound-raising little animals:—"If you whet a mowing syth in a fiede or meddow upon the feast day of Christ's nativity (commonly called Christmas Day), all the molles that are within the hearing thereof will certainly for ever forsake that fiede, meddow, or garden," though in fairness we must add that Topsell considered this a "superstitious conceite."

It is not, however, when writing about familiar animals that the author of the "Historie" is at his best, but when he launches out into what, for want of a better term, we must call heroic natural history; for example, he knew all about, and described and figured among the apes, the Satyre, the beast called Pan, the Sphinga or Sphynx, and other wonderful creatures which are certainly not to be found in any modern list of Anthropoidea; but even these are but commonplace animals when compared with that "fearful and terrible beast" the Gorgon, one of the "manifold and divers sorts of beasts which are bred in Affricke," which he figures on the title-page, where it appears with cloven hoofs and a curly tail and covered with scales like a Pangolin. The following is its description:—"It hath high and thicke eielids, eies not very great, but much like an Oxes or Bugils, but all fiery-bloudy, which neyther looke directly forwarde, nor yet upwards, but continuallye downe to the earth. From the crown of their head downe to their nose they have a long hanging mane, which maketh them to look fearefully. It eateth deadly and poysonfull hearbs, and if at any time he see a bull or other creature whereof he is afraid, he presently causeth his mane to stand upright, and being so lifted up, opening his lips, and gaping wide, sendeth forth of his throat a certaine sharpe and horrible breath, which infecteth and poysoneth the air above his head, so that all living creatures which draw in the breath of that aire are grievously afflicted thereby, loosing both voice and sight, they fall into leathall and deadly convulsions. It is bred in Hesperia and Lybia." The Lamia, of which we are given "the true picture," was another scaly beast, "of which, leaving fables, we come to the true description"; this, we are told, is the beast called "Lilith" in the Hebrew, "in the foure and thirty chapter of Esay which is there threatened to possess Babell." Like the Gorgon, "this doth not onely kill by biting, but also by poysoning," afterwards "feeding upon the carcasse which he hath devoured . . . the hinder parts of this beaste are like unto a goate, his forelegs like a Beares, his upper parts to a woman, the body scaled all over like a dragon," and so he is represented in the cut. "The Ethiopian Eale," again, was distinctly "a strange

beaste," for it had "the cheekes of a Boare, the tayle of an Elephant," and, most marvellous of all, "hornes above a cubit long, which are moveable upon his head at his owne pleasure like eares; now standing one way, and anone moving another way, as he needeth in fighting with other beastes, for they stand not stiffe but bend flexibly, and when he fighteth, he alway stretcheth out the one and holdeth in the other, of purpose, as it may seeme, that if one of them be blunted and broken, then hee may defend himselfe with the other." And, lastly, the Mantichora, said to be a species of hyæna, "bred among the Indians"—a sufficiently vague description of its habitat—"having a treble row of teeth beneath and above, whose greatnesse, roughnesse, and feete are like a Lyons, his face and ears like unto a mans, his eies gray, and collour red, his taile like the taile of a scorpion of the earth, armed with a sting, casting forth sharp pointed quills, his voice like the voice of a small trumpet or pipe, being in course as swift as a Hart; his wildnes such as can never be tamed, and his appetite is especially to the flesh of man; with her taile she woundeth her hunters whether they come before her or behind her, and presently when the quills are cast forth, new ones grow up in their roome, wherewithal she overcometh all the hunters"; altogether a pleasant type of animal, which it is satisfactory to think has disappeared from the earth, leaving no trace of its existence behind it. The examples we have given by no means exhaust the list of fearsome beasts with which Topsell was acquainted, and did space permit we could tell of that "cruell, untamable, impatient, violent, ravening, and bloody beaste," the Su, a native of Patagonia, and of many others, equally fierce and equally mythical; also of the unicorn, whose horn as shown in its picture is palpably the tooth of a narwhal, and of other fabulous, but harmless, creatures; but our quotations are sufficient to show the extraordinary fables which, in Topsell's days, did duty for zoological facts. No doubt they were days of unlimited faith in the marvellous, but even then we imagine that the learned divine could hardly have been disappointed in his expectation of drawing many of the vulgar sort "upon his backe."

#### LEVER TO-DAY.

STATESMEN, politicians in general, and even Irish Secretaries, might do worse than study the writings of Charles Lever. Nor do we refer to his political essays and the clever lucubrations of Cornelius O'Dowd. His novels are full of shrewd political research and sagacious prediction, as they are decidedly lighter reading than blue-books and Irish controversial histories. Nor need we add that they abound in light sketches and brilliant studies of the Irish character, which are still more valuable and infinitely amusing. Farical or comical, or passing into caricature, they are nevertheless and invariably true to the life. And to legislate for a people made up of contrasts and contradictions one should know them as they actually are. As mere matter of entertainment, if we glance back at those novels, recalling some of the scenes, characters, and incidents, there must be many who may be grateful for having their memories refreshed. We revive the delights of our youth in resuscitating the merry company of his Lorrequers, O'Malleys, and Jack Hinton, when, circulating in the green covers they were quizzed and parodied by Thackeray. With the exception, perhaps, of those rattling and rollicking stories, where pistol-shots circulated as freely as Sneyd's claret, the one being generally a consequence of the other, not a few of the novels have never been much read, at all events by the present generation. When he changed his manner with *Lord Kilgobbin*, possibly moved thereto by the genial ridicule he had provoked, Lever deliberately entered on competition with the innumerable rivals who were more conventional. His natural humour could never desert him; he was shrewd as ever and as pleasantly sarcastic; but he laid himself out, although somewhat against the grain, to take things more seriously. Dull he could never be, but his later books were less lively and sometimes neglected. His graver conceptions would still be wildly fantastic, and they laid him open to obvious criticism. His Joseph Atlee, for example, starving on crusts while writing for all the journals and periodicals in Europe, and with a knowledge of languages rivalling that of Mezzofanti, was simply a brilliant absurdity; no Irish squireen embarrassed like Mr. Dodd could have found cash and credit on the Continent as Kenny did; nor could a Dr. Layton, degraded and sodden with drink, be to the last, at a moment's notice, the brilliant orator and man of science. Yet, to borrow Lever's favourite alliteration, all of them are sound and shrewd, sensible, sagacious, and suggestive, when they come to touch upon the Irish and on Irish questions. In all these later novels we have the matured results of a life's experience and reflection; though it should be remembered that

Lever was governed by impressions, and that his instincts and impulses were generally just.

To weigh the worth of his opinions and ideas we ought to recall something of his biography. Of English blood, he was of Irish upbringing. He had pursued his studies and gone in for his frolics at "the Silent Sister," in the very rooms in which he afterwards placed the facetious Frank Webber. Like Layton, he had been for many years a dispensary doctor, first in North-Eastern Ulster, and then in Mayo and Kerry. After some years' residence in practice at Brussels, he came back to fill an editorial chair in Dublin; and through his subsequent wanderings he always was in close correspondence with his publisher, his brother, and other Irish friends, who kept him thoroughly posted in Irish matters. The dispensary doctor sees more of life in all ranks than most people, and Lever learned to know his countrymen well. He had lived with the phlegmatic, semi-Scottish fishermen and farmers of the North, and with the hare-brained, Catholic Celts of the West, who would knock over a friend for the mere fun of the thing. He had seen them in their fairs, their "stations," and their cottage merrymakings; he had sat by sick-beds and death-beds in the epidemic of the cholera, and in the famine-time that followed, like Mary Martin and her father. He learned to judge them severely, but candidly and dispassionately. His jovial and reckless nature was ready enough to sympathize with theirs. In his own light-hearted way he had a strong feeling for a downtrodden, neglected, and misguided race. He never shirked the shady side of the Celtic character, partly, no doubt, because it lent itself to strong dramatic effects. He dwelt, like the peasant-born Carleton, on the ferocity and lawless vindictiveness of the lower class; on the humiliating resources to which embarrassed landlords had been reduced by hereditary waste and reckless hospitality; on the coarse debaucheries and rough sports of the squireens, who emulated the vices of their superiors; on the extortions of middlemen and usurers, and the oppression of land-agents; on the shameless venality and time-serving unscrupulousness of those who had sold their services to an alien Administration; on the incendiary bluster and the falsehoods of the self-seeking demagogues, who were at the bottom of much of the mischief. As, on the other hand, he loved to glorify the redeeming virtues of mistaken conspirators with unselfish aims, such as his Duggan in *Lord Kilgobbin*, or the self-sacrificing devotion of dependants like the piper in *Tom Burke*.

For, as he might have said himself in his favourite law phraseology, he largely admitted extenuating circumstances. In the immemorial traditions of the ascendancy of men of a different blood and faith; in the sad realities of capricious oppression by unjust and tyrannical statutes, of despairing revolts indirectly provoked which had been put down with unsparing severity and needless refinements of cruelty. In a rack-rented peasantry dependent on a precarious crop, swarming and breeding like rabbits in a sand warren, on barren soil insufficient to support them; and, besides all that, in the dominating omnipotence of the clergy, too often exerted for evil and enforced on superstition by the terrors of the Church. For the priests would play the peasant as a political card, and they were in a manner constrained to condone or to connive at crime by revelations made under the seal of confession. Lever was blessed with a most tenacious memory, and it is remarkable how well it served him in general. As to particulars, he was the most rapid and careless of writers; he delighted in the study of men, but he detested the drudgery of getting up a subject from books; he made no pretence to exactitude in details or to accuracy in statistics. But consequently his political meteorology and his disquisitions on the state of the distressful country are absolutely free from the charge of dullness. He was apt to set dates at defiance, and he indulged habitually in daring anachronisms, as when he misplaced by many years the Richmond Viceroyalty, and sent "Vulture Flood" through the streets of Dublin to the Parliament in College Green ten years after that fiery statesman had been laid to rest in the tomb. So far as chronology is concerned, we shall take the liberty of imitating him, and shall select reminiscences at random, without regard to the order of his books.

*St. Patrick's Eve*, though exceptionally short, is suggestive in many ways. The scenes are laid on the shores of the sullen Lough Corrib, in that wild tract known as Joyce's County, and infamous, since Lever's death, for many a cold-blooded murder. He paints the state of feeling of a poverty-stricken district, with absentee landlords and ruthless agents, where the miserable dwellers in the mountain hovels sat as tenants at will under extortionate rents. In point of fact, they were almost uneducated savages, yet they were not without their good qualities and generous impulses. As yet they had been left to themselves; they had not been excited by the professional agitators. A pleasant word or some trifling act of kindness from their superiors would change sullen discontent into fervent gratitude. Absenteeism had so far at least a good effect that the weight of hatred and obloquy fell



upon the agent. There was still some survival of the old attachment to the lord of the land, and had he come among his people he might have regained popularity, even with no great reduction of the excessive rents. No one was more easily talked over than the reckless Pat of those days by landlord or counsellor, priest or conspirator. But, like one of his own half-broken colts, Pat required delicate handling, and a hasty impulse or an unfortunate misunderstanding might lead to one of those bloody mistakes that can never be rectified. Considering that "the height of entertainment" at the fair was a savage faction fight, it may be supposed he set slight store by human life; and, with all his undeniable courage, Pat is sadly wanting in chivalry, which explains his partiality for masked midnight murder and his readiness to shoot an enemy from behind a hedge. Carleton and other writers confirm Lever in his revolting tales of cowardly brutality to foes who are helpless; a man goes down, and his skull is shivered by showers of shillelagh blows as he lies on the ground. The gross credulity of these peasants is perhaps even more dangerous than their ferocity; they have an inexhaustible swallow for any number of lies or transparent inventions, especially when warmed up by whisky and stump eloquence. "Them's the boys," says an old gentleman, discoursing of the agents, "who has no marcy for a poor man. I'm tould how they get a guinea for every man, woman, and child they turn out of a bouldin' . . ." A loud murmur of indignant anger ran through the group, not one of whom dared to disbelieve a testimony thus accredited. That little bit of description is unpleasantly true to the life, as we can avouch from personal knowledge. We have repeatedly attended Irish mob meetings, held among the whisky-booths in the open air, with the police keeping order on the outskirts, but not interfering with the proceedings. And we have heard fluent, plausible, and clever speakers so ingeniously misrepresenting the Administration and the authorities, while they assailed all landlords indiscriminately with the grossest of falsehoods and groundless calumnies, that we only wondered that the excited listeners were so law-abiding, and that assassinations are not far more frequent. How little they shock the popular sense, which always assumes the guilt of the victim, and is ready with the verdict of "Served him right," is illustrated forcibly in *St. Patrick's Eve*.

The murderer tells the story of the murder to the hero of the tale, who has just compromised himself with a band of secret conspirators. Mr. McGuire relates with great gusto how he undertook to do for Lambert of Kileunah, "all by himself." He walks up to Lambert in broad day, takes off his hat, hands him what looks like a note, and while his victim is opening it sends a bullet straight through his heart. He had identified Mr. Lambert by questioning two labourers at work in the field. "God save you," says the men, as I went across the potato-field. 'Save you kindly,' says I. 'Was that a shot we heard?' says another. 'Yes,' says I. 'I was fright'ning the crows; and, sorra bit, but that's a saying they have against me ever since.' That story reminds us of Kenny Dodd buying off "the two decent boys" who had come to Dodsborough commissioned to shoot him, treating them hospitably, and giving them a convoy homewards, discoursing of the crops, &c., till he saw them off his land, and finally taking leave of them on the most friendly terms.

#### BLUE-EY'D SUSAN.

PURISTS in theatrical nomenclature would be sorely puzzled to decide to what genus of play *Blue-Ey'd Susan* belongs. The authors, Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, are pleased to describe their work as a "new and original comic opera"; but for several reasons they must be pronounced extremely wide of the mark if the words are to be accepted in their ordinary meaning; for we have a remembrance of a bygone discussion on this head, in which the late Mr. Tom Taylor sought to prove, so far as we recollect his contention, that any play might properly be described as new and original if the author had not invented it, and if it had been done before—an apparent paradox, which, however, Mr. Taylor carried out in practice. If the "variety entertainment"—a popular form of diversion in New York—were recognized in this country, *Blue-Ey'd Susan* might be called by that term, except that the variety entertainment in America is based upon a farce, and here the foundation is a serious drama. The plot of this new and original piece in all essentials strictly follows Douglas Jerrold's old play of *Black-Ey'd Susan*, and was, therefore, newer and more original fifteen years after the Battle of Waterloo; for it was in 1829 that the famous T. P. Cooke—who had really served in the navy, and shown such courage that he was publicly thanked by his admiral, Lord St. Vincent—produced it at the Surrey with such success that it was brought across the river, and acted at Covent Garden. It is more than twenty years since

Jerrold's play was given in London as he wrote it, the Holborn Theatre in 1871 having been the scene of its revival. In October 1880 a melancholy and emasculated version, one of the few mistakes made by the late Mr. W. G. Wills, the admirable author of *Charles I.*—the last act of which fine tragedy, by the way, confessedly owes not a little to the drama now under discussion—depressed visitors to the St. James's Theatre; and that was the last serious representation of *Black-Ey'd Susan*. As a subject for burlesque it served a merry purpose at the Royalty, Mr. F. C. Burnand having exactly suited the fancy of laughing-loving audiences, and the number of times that the late Mr. Dewar sang "Captain Crosstree is my name," and Miss Oliver, the manageress, followed with "Pretty So-usan, don't say No," must have severely exercised the faculties of calculation on the part of those charged with the duty of drawing up advertisements. More recently a futile attempt was made at the Alhambra to extract mirth from this source, and now Messrs. Sims and Pettitt return to the charge.

The mixture here is exceedingly crude. We have a William in the person of Miss Marian Burton, a well-trained contralto singer, who invests the character with much sentimentality and none of the spirit we look for in the dashing sailor. The Captain Crosstree of Mr. Arthur Roberts is in a totally different vein. He is a burlesque mariner who dances about with some lively ladies on the quarter-deck of his ship, and on festive occasions sings the praises of the river, protesting that he hates the sea. Mr. Roberts fulfils the useful function of evoking hearty laughter from the majority of any given audience; and, though various visitors will be apt to make different estimates of his value as a comedian, criticism had, perhaps, better take no trouble to be heard through the mirth his drolleries create. It seemed to us that one of his songs, about a ball, was very stupid, and we are inclined to think that many of his admirers agreed with us. But, though we are glad to note that drunken scenes on the stage are less frequent than they used to be, the humour and realistic skill of Crosstree's exhibition when he has drunk too much must be admitted. Amongst other prominent performers is Miss Nellie Stewart, who, as Susan, blue-eyed instead of black, makes her first appearance in London, and shows capacity for the work she undertakes. Miss Stewart is vivacious and intelligent, an air of refinement is a most welcome feature in her, and she sings quite well enough to do justice to the average composer of light music. Mr. Arthur Williams gives character to Doggrass, who remains pretty much what Jerrold made him; and the subordinate pair of lovers, Gnatbrain and Dolly Mayflower, find competent representatives in Mr. Chauncey Olcott and Miss Grace Pedley. But it would be very kind of Mr. Olcott if he would refrain from appealing to the vulgar by forcing out a high penultimate note in his songs. The authors grow very feeble towards the end of their play, or rather some time before the end is happily in sight, and the business of the Court-Martial is poor fooling, though fun is anxiously sought in all directions, the Gilbert vein being as usual tapped; for the statement of the Admirals concerning William, that they "all know he's guilty before he's tried," is a derivation from the author of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. The usher in *Trial by Jury* sings quite in that strain.

Mr. F. Osmond Carr is the composer, and there is something to be said in decided commendation of his music, if at the same time truth compels the admission that the vein of melody he draws upon is for the most part very shallow, and is often worked in places where his predecessors have anticipated him. Mr. Carr can evidently write with great facility airs of a commonplace character which are not worth writing at all; but in places we find indications of better things. The overture is the work of a musician, and it was perhaps appreciation of this that caused some disappointment with portions of what followed. A duet, "Will you come for a walk this evening?" sung by Miss Stewart and attempted by Mr. Arthur Roberts, is tunelessly written in agreeable imitation of what is accepted as the Old English style. A madrigal—the term is here correctly employed—"It is no use to sorrow," helps much to raise our opinion of Mr. Carr. Some of his comic numbers are sprightly, and several of the accompaniments are very tastefully scored—the duet above mentioned, for violin and flute; the serenade, as a matter of course for pizzicato strings to imitate the guitar; the barcarolle with flute *obligato*. Mr. Carr, in fact, shows distinct capacity for better things than he has accomplished, if we regard his score as a whole, and weigh what is good against what is commonplace. Whether such a nondescript species of entertainment as *Blue-Ey'd Susan* will be acceptable to audiences is a matter concerning which it is, of course, none of our business to prophesy. The fact of the old story being raked up again seems to betray poverty of invention on the part of authors who are in the position of being able to obtain a hearing for their work.

## MONEY MATTERS.

LAST week a representative of the Austro-Hungarian Government visited London, and this week he has been in Paris, to consult with the leading financial authorities of both cities as to whether it would be possible to raise a large loan for the purpose of resuming specie payments. At present the currency of Austria-Hungary consists entirely of paper, partly issued by the Treasury and partly by the Austro-Hungarian Bank. The paper is at a very considerable discount. Theoretically the standard of value is silver, and the paper, therefore, represents silver; but the credit of the Government is sufficiently good to raise the paper considerably above the value of silver. Yet, of course, it is considerably lower than the value of gold. As yet the plan of resumption has not been decided upon. The Austrian Government wisely thinks that the time is unfavourable for borrowing a large sum, and, therefore, would wish to put off the transaction for a time; but the Hungarian Government is intent upon carrying it through without delay, and it has brought so much pressure to bear upon the Ministers in Vienna that they have given way. The matter, however, is as yet unsettled; Commissions are about to meet to study it, and, as the various questions that have to be arranged are very difficult, intricate, and delicate, no doubt it will take a considerable time to arrive at an agreement. But, though the ultimate plan is not settled, it is understood by those who are in a position to be well informed that the present intention is to raise a loan of about thirty millions sterling, but to spread the payment of the instalments over several years—three, it is said. It is very doubtful, indeed, whether such a loan can be raised. The object being to take gold in order to supply Austria-Hungary with a metallic currency, the consequence of floating the loan would be a very serious disturbance of the money market. The Austro-Hungarian Government may be trusted, of course, to do what it can to prevent such disturbance; but its efforts in that direction cannot avail much. For many years the production of gold has been falling off in California and Australia, and has been almost stationary in Russia. As yet the outturn in South Africa is not at all sufficient to offset the decrease in Australia and California, and the result is that the supply of gold in Europe and the United States is less than the demand. Within twenty years Germany has demonetized silver, and adopted gold as the standard of value, and in carrying out that policy has bought up and coined an immense quantity of the metal. A little later the United States also resumed specie payments, and ever since has retained at home nearly the whole of the gold raised from the native mines; while it has attracted very considerable amounts also from Europe. France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece have stopped the coinage of silver, and have coined considerable amounts of gold; and the growth of population in the older countries using gold constantly necessitates additions to the stock of the metal. The result is, as already said, a greater demand than can be conveniently supplied. The purchasing power of gold consequently has risen, and, what comes to the same thing, general prices have fallen. Moreover, there is every now and then a disturbance of the money market owing to the demands for gold of several countries which compel the great State banks to take measures to protect their reserves. The United States Treasury is able effectually to protect itself, and so is the Bank of France, because both can pay either in silver or gold as they please. The whole influence of the German Government is used to prevent withdrawals of gold from the Imperial Bank, and, therefore, when a strong demand arises it falls mainly upon the Bank of England. If now Austria-Hungary is to come into the market for the purpose of buying 20 or 30 millions sterling worth of gold, even though it spreads the operation over several years, it will increase very greatly the demand for the metal, and, therefore, will intensify and make more frequent the disturbances of the money market. For that reason alone the investing public in this country will not look with favour upon the intended new loan; and when it is added that there is widespread distrust at home and abroad, and that no man can count for any length of time upon the preservation of peace, it seems safe to predict that many subscriptions will not be received in London—unless, indeed, the price of issue is fixed so low that the cost will be serious for Austria-Hungary. It does not seem probable that French investors will look upon the loan with greater favour than British; for, in addition to the objections that will be felt in this country, is the fact that Austria-Hungary, being a member of the Triple Alliance, may at any moment be engaged in hostilities with France, and to supply her with a large stock of gold would plainly be strengthening her for the possible war. The probability seems to be, therefore, that the Austro-Hungarian Government will have to look mainly to its own market, and to Germany, for subscriptions to the new loan. Whether Austria-Hungary and Germany can supply so large a sum is doubtful. We are inclined to think then that,

in spite of the eagerness of Hungary to carry through the operation, the more it is discussed and considered the stronger will grow the conviction that the present is a very unfavourable time to apply for so large a loan, and that, therefore, the transaction will have to be postponed.

The money market has continued quiet during the week. The foreign demand for gold has ceased, while the expectation continues that a good deal of the metal will be received from New York by-and-by. Trade is falling off, speculation is stagnant, and the return of coin and notes from the circulation offsets up to the present the revenue payments. Therefore, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market continues large, and the discount rate remains about 2 per cent.

On Tuesday the price of silver fell to  $41\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz., which is fully  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. lower than any quotation previous to the present year. Since then there has been a slight recovery to  $41\frac{1}{4}$ d. per oz.; but the market is very sensitive and quite unsettled. For all that, we are inclined to think that there will be some recovery. There is no doubt that the production of silver is rapidly increasing; but the great fall must compel some of the mines to stop working, and, therefore, will decrease the production. At the same time, the very low value of the rupee stimulates the Indian export trade. Indeed, it is evident that export business in India must have increased very largely, for on Wednesday the demand for India Council Bills was exceptionally large. From this it is clear, firstly, that the demand for money in India is increasing; and, secondly, that the exports from India are of such magnitude just now that very large payments have to be made from Europe. Of course, if there were to be a change in the policy of the United States there would be a still further fall; but there is no probability that any alteration in the law will be made on the eve of the Presidential election.

The feeling in the City this week has been better than last week. Alarmist rumours have ceased, and it has generally come to be recognized that there is no danger of a great financial disaster. At the same time distrust and depression continue. There appears only too much reason to fear that there will be numerous commercial failures in Lancashire, owing to the fall in silver and in cotton, and there are fears that those failures may involve local banks in heavy losses. Trade, too, is falling off in every direction, while the insolvency of Portugal and the famine in Russia are increasing the difficulties of financial establishments on the Continent. Still, though the outlook is far from cheering, there is a decided recovery in feeling upon the Paris Bourse. More important still, so far as our market is concerned, there has been this week a marked improvement on the New York Stock Exchange. For some time past the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, which owns about one-third of the total anthracite coalfields of the United States, has been demanding a larger share in the coal pool. It was feared some time ago that this might lead to a war of rates between the great coal-carrying Companies, but with the help of Messrs. Drexel Morgan the Philadelphia and Reading Company has obtained control of the Lehigh Valley and the New Jersey Central. The Reading Company thus becoming masters of the situation, the danger of a war of rates is averted, and the coal trade will be placed upon a better footing than ever before. There has been an extraordinary rise, in consequence, in the securities of the Philadelphia and Reading Company, and the great operators in New York have been so much encouraged that every one is expecting a great rise in all other securities. Still, in spite of the improvement in New York, there is little disposition to speculate in this country. At the fortnightly settlement, which began on Wednesday morning, the banks lent to Stock Exchange operators at from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 per cent. per annum, and in some cases the charge was as low as  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. From the rates charged for carrying over within the House, it is evident also that the accounts open for the rise are exceedingly small. Money, too, as already said, is very plentiful and very cheap, and therefore the more confident operators are hoping that we are near a recovery; but against the hope is to be set the undoubted fact that losses have been very heavy and that trade is bad.

The Board of Trade Returns for January are again unsatisfactory. There was a considerable falling off in the value of the exports, and a considerable increase in the value of the imports. From every index of the situation it is clear that the home trade, too, is declining, and the coal strike in London is calculated to add to the general feeling of uneasiness. The fall in silver and in cotton is the most serious factor, as it inflicts heavy losses upon all who are engaged in trade with silver-using countries. On the other hand, it is to be noted that the great fall in silver must stimulate exports from India and from all silver-using countries, as it is tantamount to a rise in the prices of all articles exported. True, the drought in India is very serious, and there is only too



much danger of wide-spread distress; but, for all that, if the export trade is greatly stimulated, the evil consequences of drought will to some extent, at all events, be compensated for.

There have been very wide and very frequent fluctuations in prices during the week, the greatest being in the American and the foreign departments, and generally the movements have been downwards. Owing to the fall in silver, Rupee-paper has declined further, the Four per Cents closing on Thursday at 69½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. Colonial stocks have likewise given way, as under the circumstances was inevitable. New South Wales Three and a Half per Cents closed at 93½, a fall of 2½. Queensland Three and a Half per Cents closed at 88, also a fall of 2½, and New Zealand Three and a Half per Cents closed at 91, a fall of 1½. In the inter-Bourse market the greatest movement has been in Greek bonds, which have declined very seriously, the little kingdom being in difficulties, as it is no longer able to borrow, and the financial arrangements for years have always been made on the supposition that it would be able to raise money abroad. The Monopoly Loan closed on Thursday afternoon at 51½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3½. The Four per Cent. Rentes closed at 44-46, a fall of 5½, and the Loan of 1884 closed at 58, a fall of as much as 9. Portuguese have again depreciated; they closed on Thursday afternoon at 27½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; Italian closed at 89½, a fall of ½; Russians closed at 93½, a fall of ½; and Hungarian closed at 91½, a fall of ½. Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents closed at 59, a fall of 4½, and the Four per Cents closed at 55, also a fall of 4½. Chilean Four and a Half closed at 89½, a fall of 1. In Argentine Railroad stocks there is a further depreciation of Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference. They closed on Thursday at 36-40, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; but Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 58-62, a rise of 1. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 105-7, a rise of 3, and Central Argentine closed at 45-8, also a rise of 3. In the American market the combination formed by Messrs. Drexel Morgan to give the Philadelphia and Reading Company control over the anthracite coal trade of the United States has led to an extraordinary boom in the securities of the Company. The shares closed on Thursday afternoon at 30½, a rise of 10 compared with the preceding Thursday. It will be borne in mind that the shares, as dealt in in London, are of the nominal value of 50 dollars, so that this means a rise of 20 upon the full 100 dollars. The First Income bonds closed on Thursday at 79½, a rise of 8½, and the Four per Cent. bonds closed at 90, a rise of 3½. Erie securities, which are expected to benefit from the combination, have also risen. Thus the Ordinary shares closed on Thursday at 33½, a rise of 2½, and the Preference Shares closed at 75, a rise of 2. But there is a fall in most other securities. Milwaukee shares closed at 78½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½, and Union Pacific closed at 45½, a fall of 1½. Even amongst the sound dividend-paying stocks, Lake Shore declined ½ on the week, closing on Thursday at 126, and New York Central lost ½, closing at 117½. But Pennsylvania gained ½, closing at 57½; Illinois gained ½, closing at 111; and Louisville and Nashville gained 1, closing at 76½.

#### THE WEATHER.

WE have had a very mild and quiet week, without an approach to a storm, except at the very beginning. On Thursday, February 4, the barometer in the north of Scotland was falling briskly, and there appeared to be danger of a gale; but this passed off entirely in the course of the forenoon, though snow showers fell in the north on Thursday and Friday. The former day was coldish in the south-east of England, and at Cambridge the thermometer at 8 A.M. was below the freezing point. Saturday and Sunday were uneventful, but the conditions on Monday were interesting. The chart for 8 A.M. showed a trough of relatively low readings, stretching down the North Sea, the isobar of 29.6 ins. skirting the coasts of these islands on the one side and that of Norway on the other. Over the North Sea itself three separate circles enclosed readings below 29.5 ins. It is very rare to find three distinct areas of relative depression so close to each other, but such systems have a tendency to appear in such a trough as has been mentioned as existing. During the day another of these small depressions formed itself over the Straits of Dover, and, as usually happens in such cases of depression developing themselves off our eastern coasts, the weather in London was perfectly detestable, with rain and a northerly wind. This system appeared in the afternoon, and by 6 P.M. it was moving off over Holland. The appearances

on Tuesday and Wednesday have been for the approach of an anticyclone over Ireland, with probably its concomitant fogs. On Wednesday this had moved slightly southwards, bringing frost to France. At 8 A.M. Paris was 17° colder than Jersey and than London, at both which latter places the reading was 48°. Temperature has been decidedly high during the week. On the west coast the thermometer at 8 A.M. has been above 50° on almost every day, and on Monday no less than thirteen stations in these islands reported maxima of 50° or upwards, Leith being the highest with 54°. Sunday was the first warm day in the south of Europe. On that day Lisbon recorded 66°, at Perpignan 60°. On Tuesday Lisbon again reached 66°. Since Sunday there has been no frost recorded at a British station. Rain has fallen generally, but sparingly, and the deficit since the beginning of the year is already strongly marked in some parts. The record of sunshine for the week ending Saturday last is interesting. The sunniest station was Aberdeen, where the number of hours of sunshine was 45 per cent. of the time the sun was above the horizon. After that came Marchmont, close to the Border, with 40 per cent. In London we had only 17 per cent.

#### BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

MACAULAY once observed that the chief pleasure he derived from a perusal of the *Arabian Nights* was mainly due to the airy manner in which the *dramatis personæ* of those immortal tales set aside all notions of morality, and lived in a world of their own, wherein the Decalogue was a dead letter. Much the same thing might be said with equal truth of a Criterion farcical comedy, to enjoy which one must never criticize the morals, the manners, and the customs of any one concerned in the performance. Mr. Wyndham and his company, once they appear upon the stage, become wholly irresponsible beings, whose delightfully free-and-easy conduct defies law and criticism. This is especially obvious in Mr. H. J. Byron's farcical comedy, *Fourteen Days*, which that clever dramatist adapted somewhat carelessly from *Le Voyage d'Agrément*, a piece which, refused at the Palais Royal, eventually made a tremendous "hit" at the Vaudeville. The second act is exceedingly mirthful, and invariably provokes, even when not very well acted, uproarious laughter. It will be remembered by playgoers that it contains one irresistibly droll situation, in which the real and the pretended convicts carouse in the Governor's private apartments until the arrival of the new Governor plants them both in their right places. Acted as this scene is by Mr. C. Wyndham and Mr. Giddens, it is distinctly one of the very funniest imaginable.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play *Saints and Sinners*, unquestionably one of the best he has ever written, continues to draw large audiences to the Vaudeville. We have nothing to add to previous criticisms of the piece; but we may truthfully say it has never been so well acted before. In Mr. A. Elwood, Mr. Conway, Mr. Thomas Thorne, Mr. Dodsworth, and Mr. Oswald Yorke the male characters find excellent representatives. The hapless heroine is played extremely well by Miss Dorothy Dorr.

Mr. Pinero's brilliant comedy, *The Times*, continues its successful course at Terry's Theatre, and only recently celebrated its hundredth performance. Whatever may be said of the play, for which we have considerable admiration, it would be impossible to find fault with the acting, which is singularly efficient, and, what is still more, equal. We regret to say that during the week Mr. Edward Terry was unable to act, owing to the death of his mother, Mrs. Jeffries True, which occurred at the advanced age of 82.

*The Grey Mare* has "caught on," and is succeeding so admirably at the Comedy that we hear no more of the promised new piece, which at one time it was feared would have to go into rehearsal at once. Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Cecil Raleigh's pleasant farce is so brightly acted and so amusing that it deserves its agreeable fate, notwithstanding the disappointing fact that Mr. C. Brookfield has scarcely anything to do in it. His make-up as an Irish officer and county magistrate is quite a masterpiece in its way.

Playgoers will regret to learn that the famous triple bill, so admirably invented and carried out by Mr. Brandon Thomas, is about to be withdrawn at the Court, Mrs. Langtry having secured that theatre for a series of performances of modern society drama in which, to our way of thinking, she appears to far greater advantage than in historical and classical plays. Meanwhile those who wish to see and to laugh at *A Commission* and *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, or to feel themselves inclined to weep at the simple pathos of *A Highland Legacy*, will do well to avail themselves of the few remaining opportunities afforded them at

present of witnessing altogether one of the most charming entertainments now before the public.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's new comedy, which will be produced at the St. James's Theatre on February 20, is entitled *Lady Windermere's Fan*. On the same evening Mr. Henry A. Jones's play, *Judah*, will be withdrawn at the Avenue, and Mr. Elwyn Mitchell's drama, *Deborah*, will be given here at a series of matinées. Mr. John Lart has taken the Shaftesbury Theatre, and will produce a new play there very shortly. *Gloriana's* nights are numbered at the Globe, and a new play by Louis P. Parker is in active rehearsal. Mr. Thomas Thorne will shortly produce at the Vaudeville Mr. F. Horner's new play (adapted from the French), *The Last Straw*, and Mr. Michael Levinston will try a new opera by Mr. Bond Andrews and Mr. George Capel, entitled *Sir Guy*, at the Avenue. Mr. Walter Frith's new four-act play, *Flight*, has been accepted by Mr. Edward Terry to succeed *The Times*.

With that generosity which is not the least of his many merits, Mr. Henry Irving is interesting himself in Mr. E. J. Odell, who, in consequence of impaired eyesight, has for a long time been unable to act. He has in part recovered, and hopes to be able to go to Australia and to accept an engagement there. But prolonged illness has greatly diminished his pecuniary resources, and Mr. Irving has agreed to act as honorary treasurer of a fund now being raised for his benefit. Mr. Odell possesses a very fine portrait of himself by Professor Herkomer. It is to be raffled for at a guinea "a head," and in the meantime the picture is to be exhibited in the vestibule of the Lyceum Theatre.

#### RECENT CONCERTS.

THE programme of the fifth of Sir Charles Hallé's admirable orchestral concerts, which took place on the 5th inst., presented several interesting features. The selection of the Overture to *Faniska*—a forgotten opera of Cherubini's, produced at Vienna in 1806—with which the concert opened, had almost the merit of novelty, though the Overture is so fine a specimen of a class of composition in which Cherubini excelled, that it deserves to be heard, at least as frequently as the Florentine master's more familiar preludes to *Les Abencérages* and *Anacréon*. The unaccompanied passages for strings, which are a striking feature in the work, were played with wonderful precision, and served to display the quality of this portion of the band to the greatest advantage. The suite in D by Dvořák, which followed the Overture, though not announced as such in the programme, was probably played for the first time in London. It is an early work of the composer's, and belongs to his best period. It consists of five movements; namely, a pastoral prelude, a polka—presenting the characteristics of the dance in its original form, and not in the sophisticated state familiar to English ball-rooms—a minuet or "sousedská," a romance, and a "furiat," by way of finale. In the last number a certain amount of influence derived from Beethoven is discernible; but the whole work is singularly fresh and charming, and the "local colour" is kept subordinate to the musical interest. It is to be hoped that Dr. Richter will admit this interesting work into his repertory; the numbers in which the strong rhythms of national Czech music are prominent would tell better under his beat than under that of Sir Charles Hallé. The rest of the programme consisted of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G (No. 4), three instrumental numbers from Berlioz's *Faust*, and Schumann's Rhenish Symphony. The solo part of the Concerto was played with characteristic accuracy and delicacy by Sir Charles Hallé, his post at the conductor's desk being meanwhile taken by Herr Willy Hess. The performance of the Symphony was very fine, but every hearing of Schumann's orchestral works confirms the impression that their effect is not what it should be, owing to the composer's monotonous and unskilful scoring. Coming after Cherubini, Beethoven, and Berlioz, Schumann's deficiencies were brought into undue prominence at this concert.

At the last Monday Popular Concert, Beethoven's Septet occupied most of the latter part of the programme. The rest of the concert consisted of Rubinstein's Pianoforte Trio in G minor, three pianoforte solos by Paderewski (one of which was played for an encore), and songs by Gounod and Lotti. The Trio—in which Mlle. Szumowska, Mme. Neruda, and Signor Piatti took part—is an early work of the composer's, and decidedly inferior in merit to that in B flat, Op. 52. The second movement—an Adagio—is the best part of the work, though there is much effect of a not very deep description throughout the whole composition. The performance was not quite up to the mark, and further rehearsal would have been obviously an advantage. Mlle. Szumowska's solos were played with great delicacy and finish of technique, though at present the obvious reproduction of her

master's mannerisms makes her playing seem to want individuality. This, however, will probably come with increased experience, for she is evidently an artist of the highest promise. The vocalist was Mr. Oudin, who was encored for his singing of Lotti's familiar "Pur dicesti"—a song which can hardly be said to suit his extremely dramatic style.

The second of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's delightful vocal recitals attracted a very large audience to St. James's Hall last Wednesday afternoon. Every number of the programme was performed in the perfect style to which both artists have accustomed their hearers; and, as the recital comprised many of the most popular songs and duets in their repertory, it is needless to say that prolonged applause and numerous recalls greeted each performer. It is always a difficult task to select for praise any single number at these concerts, but Mr. Henschel's singing of two fine, but unfamiliar, songs from Handel's *Siroe* and Pergolesi's *Maestro di Musica*, and Mrs. Henschel's performance of four charming "Lieder im Volkston"—the composition of her husband—were among the most enjoyable of the soli. Mr. Henschel evidently has a fondness for Boieldieu, but the song he gave from *Jean de Paris* was hardly worthy the reputation of the founder of *opéra comique*.

At the Albert Hall, last Wednesday evening, a performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* by the Royal Choral Society served to bring into prominence several young singers who have not hitherto been much heard in oratorio. *St. Paul* is not a work which gives much opportunity to soloists, but the recitatives are important, and the solos, though not numerous, are all effective. On Wednesday they were taken by Miss Medora Henson—a young American soprano, who was heard at the English opera—Mme. Patey, Messrs. Wilbur Gunn—who was announced in the bills as a "new American tenor"—Mills, Grice, and Plunket Greene. The greatest success of the new-comers was achieved by the last-named gentleman, who had not previously been heard in oratorio at the Albert Hall, though he sang the part of St. Paul at Worcester in 1890. Mr. Greene's fine voice and excellent style told with great effect, and both his principal solos—"Consume them all" and "O God, have mercy"—won the loudest and most spontaneous applause of the evening. Mr. Gunn was obviously nervous in the tenor music, especially in Stephen's address to the Council, which comes almost at the beginning of the oratorio. It would be unfair to form a definite opinion of his capability until an opportunity has been afforded of hearing him in a smaller concert-room. He clearly was not accustomed to the size of the Albert Hall, and forced his voice, so that occasionally his high notes were not agreeable in tone or quality. His reading of the music is different to that to which English audiences are accustomed, though this, like other defects, may have been due to nervousness. Miss Henson sang the soprano music agreeably, and the contralto part was safe in the experienced hands of Mme. Patey. The choruses, under Mr. Barnby's direction, were admirably sung without exception.

#### A JOOL OF A PAPER.

"THERE'S a country that has suffered (says the *Saturday Review*)

In a terrible variety of ways;  
But for journalistic spirit its unquestionable due  
Is a meed of extraordinary praise.  
Of the Dublin *Weekly Freeman* we must not be thought to flatter  
If we thus enthusiastically speak;  
For it positively bristles with attractive reading matter,  
And is regularly sent us every week."

(This is quoted, it is true,  
From the *Saturday Review*;  
Yet, lest any cry incredulously, "Bah!"  
It is right I should subjoin  
That 'tis published at Des Moines,  
In the State of I-o-wa.)

"With shipping, agricultural, and military 'pares,'  
The eight columns of its pages twelve abound;  
Its leaders are contributed by literary 'stars,'  
Who their sentences artistically round.  
You admirably peruse it wheresoever you may meet it,  
Its pre-eminence is quite beyond a doubt;  
There is literally nothing in America to beat it,  
For its management is excellent throughout."

(But the *Saturday Review*,  
That this glowing picture drew—  
Though it slightly may diminish the *éclat*,  
Yet the fact one must subjoin—  
Is a journal of Des Moines,  
In the State of I-o-wa.)



"There is, furthermore, a feature which itself we must confess  
To one's sense of public usefulness commends,  
And which worked in Eighteen Ninety with remarkable success—  
The department for Recovery of Friends.  
Near a hundred and a half of such successful operations  
In a twelvemonth has the *Weekly Freeman* scored,  
And that number of the missing to their sorrowing relations—  
Or their creditors disconsolate—restored."

(But the *Saturday Review*,  
Which rejoices at the clue  
Offered thus to widowed wife, bereaved mamma,  
Is, again one should subjoin,  
But a weekly of Des Moines,  
In the State of I-o-wa.)

"You may have your cogent reasons for desiring to lie low  
For the period of a few sequestered years;  
Tis a step which now and then to certain patriots, we know,  
Of a strong advisability appears.  
But out the *Weekly Freeman* from your hole contrives to ferret  
you,  
As though you'd gone no further than the corner of the street ;—  
I really can't enumerate the many kinds of merit you  
Will find in that well-edited and energetic sheet."

(Thus the *Saturday Review*;  
But the honest *Freeman* knew,  
When it uttered thus its jubilant "Aha!"  
And confessed what I subjoin—  
That the puff was from Des Moines,  
In the State of I-o-wa.)

## REVIEWS.

### STUDIES IN CHAUCER.\*

HE who undertakes to acquaint himself with Professor Lounsbury's *Studies in Chaucer* undertakes a good work, and, if his tastes and his own studies fit him therefor, a right pleasant one; but it would be gross flattery to say that the work which he undertakes is light. "Long hast thou stretched it out," said the unmannerly Argive monarch to his spouse; and the American Professor has stretched it out very long indeed. Some sixteen hundred pages, and those large ones, has he devoted to the only poet of the first rank who ever was christened Geoffrey. We must say that we are not wholly grateful for this abundant measure. It has, indeed, enabled Mr. Lounsbury to deal most faithfully with his subject—to follow it out into all its nooks and corners, to leave no cranny unhit. But we think this might have been done—we are sure that, if it might, it ought to have been done—in somewhat succincter fashion; and we greatly fear that the doing of it in the present fashion will curtail the audience upon whom the Professor might have justly counted, and who would have very much benefited by his work.

For it is not too much to say that nothing comparable to this study of Chaucer in point of combined thoroughness and sense exists in English, or, so far as we know, in any other language. Mr. Lounsbury has almost challenged the Chaucerian Cabbalists to mortal combat, and it may be that they will find some part of their own Yetsirah and Zohar which he has not mastered on their own ground. But, speaking as readers familiar with Chaucer himself from our youth upwards, we know hardly any aspect of him which Mr. Lounsbury has not touched—hardly any important problem which he has not grappled with. And in doing this he has displayed almost throughout a feeling which is in remarkable contrast with the general temper of some of our own most learned Chaucerians. Only once does this good mind break down, and the instance is remarkable and pleasing, all the more so that it is only indirectly connected with the main subject, and that the secret of the writer's fall is patent. The placid reader accustomed for the best part of three volumes (and well pleased thereat) to find Professor Lounsbury particularly cool and collected, mildly jocular at times, but seldom or never raising his voice, is startled, like a lazy careman who suddenly comes into a rapid, by a whirl of strong language. "Nothing more contemptible than (let us say for the moment) *x*, except the reasons for it," "absolute agreement of view among those qualified to pronounce," "peculiarly absurd," "does not understand even elementary principles," "hopeless abysmal ignorance," "inventions of his own ignorance," &c., whizz about the ears of the "average man of letters," who at last perceives that they are actually aimed at him by this usually mild-mannered Transatlantic. And what for? Because he won't spell "honour" "honor"; in other words, because he declines to surrender the history and continuity of English language and English literature to the pseudo-patriotism of a few American scholars and the fidgety pedantry of a few English ones. Well!

well! a few hard words are easy to bear in a good cause. And as for "abysmal ignorance," it is much blinder to possess knowledge and be charged with ignorance than to possess ignorance and be complimented on a command of knowledge.

This little *bourrasque*, however, is a mere interlude, and rather a quaint one, in the voyage over the summer seas of Mr. Lounsbury's *Studies*. We do not always agree with him—his proposal in this very context to modernize the spelling of Chaucer seems to us rather damnable; we occasionally doubt the validity of his arguments (notably in the matter of the meeting at Padua with Petrarch), and once or twice (not often) we could wish him a little more reading. The important thing is that he has applied to the whole subject, and almost to its whole literature, the test of a criticism which is at once well informed, intelligently conservative, and reasonably sceptical. The renewed study of Chaucer in the last twenty years or so has, unfortunately, as is the wont, more or less, of all study at all times, and particularly the wont of such study at this time, accumulated round the poet a whole mass of unimportant scholia—nay, even a Cabbala, as we have said already—which is a positive hindrance to the real appreciation of him. Instead of reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting his poetry, people have busied themselves on silly, or at least superfluous, rhyme-tests and word-tests, and Heaven knows what tests else, to decide what is his work and what not. They "fence the table" with these arid and useless distinctions, and they go to break each others' heads and the heads of unbelievers if any dare approach it otherwise than according to their ritual. With such Mr. Lounsbury makes, we cannot say short work, as we have pointed out, but work not negligent. He meets them with minute discussion of word and phrase on their own ground; but the gist of his comment, even where he affects not wholly to dissent from their conclusions, deals in the most cruel fashion with their premisses and proceedings. Their rhyme-tests emerge from his hands in a state of dilapidation shocking to witness, though not exactly startling to the old hand at such matters. He cuts insidiously at their whole standing-ground by suggesting, with horrible profaneness, that because a man writes or rhymes in one way at one time, it by no means follows that he may not rhyme or write in another way at another; and he caps the climax by another dreadful suggestion, that the touch, the *flair*, of the purely literary critic is an infinitely safer criterion than any number of rhyme-tests and grammar-tests and dialect-tests, and all the rest of it. Now if you grant these awful propositions—if you even allow them to be put in as arguments—the "bonny lands" of Chaucerian and other so-called scholarship, "that have been" in certain families for nearly a generation, will begin to "bark and flee" even as the excited imagination of Henry Morton's uncle saw those of Milnwood doing at the intrusion of Her Majesty's Lifeguards, and Henry Morton's own rash observations to them.

But Professor Lounsbury's merits are not limited to this heretical good sense. After all, the raging of the other sect never affected the plain man of letters, unless he chose to be affected:—

When they talked of their rhyme-tests and end-*es* and stuff,  
He opened his Tyrwhitt, and found him enough.

But there is an immense field of legitimate Chaucerian study, quite apart from this steppe or jungle. How the Chaucerian Canon and Apocrypha both (for even the strictest Conservatives must admit an undoubted Apocrypha) was formed; the history of successive editions; the legendary and the real history of the poet's life (by the way, Mr. Lounsbury is again too sceptical in regard to the testimony of Gascoigne); the history of his reputation in England, with the very curious episodes of the modernizings of him; and, lastly, the literary and substantial characteristics of his work—his learning, his style, his views on things in general, his distinctive place among poets and so forth:—on such things shall a man, even he fear not rhyme-tests nor regard the final *e* of lines, find plenty to inquire into and plenty to learn. Mr. Lounsbury discourses on most of these things, nearly always sensibly, always learnedly, too often, we regret to say, diffusely. He has so many of the instincts of a scholar that, we think, he would have told us if any part of the book had been delivered as lectures. Otherwise we should have shrewdly suspected that origin—a common and a generally baneful one in professorial writings. That some of the very best books have had such an origin does not disprove the rule that a lecture to students is not a chapter of a book, and can only be made a chapter of a book either by being a bad lecture to begin with, or by being thoroughly altered, remodelled, boiled down, and, in fact, *Æsonified*.

Still, with all drawbacks, the Professor has managed to say what he ought to have said in a very satisfactory manner. His cordial praise of Tyrwhitt—one of the most extraordinary scholars born that English has ever had, who used, as Mr. Lounsbury sees, to take the right view almost by instinct—is most agreeable. We were for a moment in a little doubt whether he had not been too hard on Thomas Wright. The really literary student as distinguished from the gerund-grinder is loth to be anything but grateful to a man who gives him so many texts which he would not otherwise have had, as Wright did. But cooler reflection brought to our memories too many instances in which Wright was peccant in the kind of which Mr. Lounsbury accuses him. It was too much his habit to do work "neither so poorly that it became a matter of immediate necessity that it should be done

\* *Studies in Chaucer*. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. 3 vols. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

over again, nor so well that the necessity of its being done again was for a long time, if not for ever, destroyed." And we must allow this, even if we are rather inclined to share Wright's dislike for what he called "made-up" texts. Of course, the general fashion of scholarship in both ancient and modern languages for a long time past is against us. "Made-up texts"—that is to say, texts in which the editor simply chooses the readings that like him best from a number of MSS., adds some conjectures of his own, and sticks them together—have long been the rage. They afford a pretty exercise for ingenuity, but we must own that the thought has often occurred to us, "On the general principles of probability, is not the editor who follows this plan likely to go further and further from what the author wrote, the more ingenious and the more industrious he is?" Modern scholarship is apt obstinately to blink or angrily to pooh pooh the lesson of the intromittings of one Bentley with one Milton; yet it is quite so certain that, if Mr. Petrie were to find an original MS., of no matter what classic, it might not stand to our latest and most renowned "made-up" version as Milton's *Paradise Lost* does to Bentley's?

But we shall lay ourselves open to the charge of catching divagation from Mr. Lounsbury if we divagate thus. We have left ourselves no room to comment on many interesting features in a book which is, on the whole, one in which learning and good sense have kissed each other right lovingly and satisfactorily. We will end by proposing a task to the author—to give us a complete edition (not modernized) of the Chaucerian Canon and Apocrypha both. As he himself points out, the whole is to be obtained in no edition even approaching modernity, except that of Chalmers's *Poets*, which, useful as it is, is heavy to the hand and tiring to the eye. A good library Chaucer—not limited according to recent fads, and hospitable even to things which it is not a fad to place in the court of the Gentiles—is much wanted.

## NOVELS.\*

THE heroine of *Weak Woman* is a very nice girl, very nicely described. We have met her before, but she is pleasant and probable, and we are pleased to meet her again. She is loved very seriously by a gentleman with "all sorts of toilet implements" and with rooms in the Albany, who hunts regularly, though he has no money. In her childhood she had engaged herself to a schoolmaster who was a very repulsive person. Nothing, as a rule, is more certain to alienate our sympathies from a heroine than an engagement to a nasty man; but Mrs. Lovett Cameron has shown that there were excuses for Miss Helen Dacre, who, therefore, retains our goodwill throughout. Unfortunately for herself she fibbed to the serious lover, Mr. Gilbert Nugent, about her engagement, denying very explicitly any particular interest in the schoolmaster. Of course she was found out. Then Mr. Nugent departed, vowing that he will see her face no more, and the orderly rooms in the Albany were dismantled, and the valet packed up the toilet implements. Helen Dacre, in her ignorance of the fact that such vows are never kept, married the Earl of Bainton, who was on his death-bed. Wills were then made. One was given to the bride, and one was given to the family solicitor. Who stole which, and how, and why, is written in the book, and it would not be fair to tell it here. It is sufficient to say that the complication is a good one, that the malevolent fall into the pit of their own digging, and that the end is happy. The author has drawn a designing widow with considerable skill. The mixture of good and bad in Mrs. Torrington is well suggested. Although she is the villain of the piece, she is allowed to finish her career in a manner that must be entirely satisfactory to herself; but, as she has upon occasion betrayed a few amiable qualities, the lack of poetic justice is not felt. Of the other characters, an Etonian is a very good boy, but far too sympathetic for his years. The hero is a poor thing, so bedecked and bedraped, however, in the trappings of a hero, that we suspect even the author to have thought him rather a nice person than not. *Weak Woman* is a pleasant book. It is about things that the author understands, and depicts people whom she knows. When we say that her last production is as good as any other work from Mrs. Lovett Cameron's pen, we may not be commending the book after any very high trial of comparison, but we have at least placed it in competition with half-a-dozen very readable novels.

*Mammon* is a book about money. This might have been guessed by the title, we allow; but there never was such a book for money as Mrs. Alexander's latest novel. Ralph Brandon, the hero, was brought up in expectation of money. He was ousted from his position by an unlooked-for cousin, and then determined to marry for money. He had previously tried to marry for love,

but the lady on that occasion refused him, for she preferred money—and married it. Ralph's mercenary proposals met with similar bad fortune, for the heroine, whose name was Claude, rejected his suit. And this was the worse for him because he at once began to love her for herself. Then Claude had a great loss. She lost her money. Incidentally, she lost her father also; but the money was the thing, and the father was certainly a disagreeable and miserly person. Matters between the hero and the heroine were now reversed. She was a comparative pauper on two-hundred-and-fifty a year—a despicable income in the eyes of her friends—while he was full of money. For he obtained all Claude's money under her father's will, that amiable gentleman thinking that the desire to get it by marriage indicated a proper spirit in Ralph with regard to money—an ability to keep it, and the wits to use it properly. Also Ralph's former love, now become the wealthy widow of a peer, desired to enrich him with her money. This was an awkward position; but he comes very well out of it by executing a deed of gift, making over the heroine's money to herself, and then marrying her, money and all. There is another love-affair in the book. It is between a baronet and a beauty; and here the complications that arise are again monetary. Kate would have received Sir Philip's advances favourably if she had been the possessor of money; while Sir Philip was only deterred from urging his suit upon her by the fact that he had no money. Each feared poverty—of course for the other's sake—and until the very conclusion of the book the fear kept them apart. But to them also happiness came in the end; for the baronet's affairs were found to be not so very desperate after all. He had, it appeared, some money left, and estates with recuperative power; so he took the bold step of marrying a poor young woman. Many ladies have written worse novels; but Mrs. Alexander has written many better ones.

*The Lady of Balmerino* has a stimulating prologue, but nothing comes of it. In February 1791 Queen Marie Antoinette, being rightly apprehensive of the future, confided to the keeping of the Marquise de Limoges, a favoured attendant, certain jewels, to wit—one necklace worth seventy thousand pounds, a tiara and bracelet to match, and divers parures. Two years later the Marchioness was stabbed, her château burned, and the Marquis de Limoges, his daughter the Lady Antoinette, his brother St. Just, his chaplain, and his man servant were compelled to flee the country in disguise. The Lady Antoinette concealed the jewels beneath her bodice and next her skin—surely a very devoted proceeding, when the usual shape of a diamond parure is considered. They arrive in Scotland at the farmhouse of Balmerino, and are welcomed by the Lady of Balmerino, who was the daughter of a Scotch knight, Sir David Rothessay, and was called the Lady Rohilla Rothessay. The Rothessays were in hiding under the name of Ramsay, having incurred the Royal displeasure by their Jacobite leanings. This party of exiles were joined by the Earl of Lindsay, also a fugitive from the law. Two peasants, Robert Stewart, who had a noble nature, and his sister Annie, whose child-heart was full of spring freshness, resided in the neighbourhood, and completed the supply of characters necessary for the complication of every one's affections. Lord Lindsay loves Antoinette: St. Just loves Rohilla, and seduces Annie with the child-heart: the Lady Rohilla, oblivious of her title, loves Robert. But the Lady Rohilla had a brother whose name was Alastor. He had been cast off by Sir David, and was a Cateran chief. Rohilla went out to meet him by night, without seeing the risk that she ran. Yet every poor reviewer could have warned her. She is detected at the rendezvous. Her lover believes her faithless, St. Just believes her wanton, and her father shoots the man whom he sees embracing his daughter. The death of Alastor paves the way for the violent removal of most of the actors. The Caterans attack Lord Lindsay's castle, and the Marquis is killed, his chaplain is killed, and the Lady Antoinette is killed. The child-heart Annie, while walking with a peasant, who loves her, in spite of her shame, is caught in a snow-storm. The faithful peasant does his best. He walks with her, holding her close to his heart, and dragging her. They do not, however, make much progress in this way, and Annie dies under the snow, "which lashed them as if the flakes were living scourges." St. Just was killed by a fall from his horse. Everybody else being dead, Rohilla married Robert Stewart, and with commendable canniness, though doubtful morality, kept the jewels. There is one little point for which we feel grateful—everybody talks English. Much of it is very jerky English; but gratitude makes us magnanimous. When we remember that all the characters are either Scotch or French, and that most of the Scotch can speak French, and all the French can speak Scotch (for otherwise the story would not be possible), our soul is full of thankfulness to the author for having spared us foreign tongues.

"*I Will Repay*" is a tale of terror, but it opens lightly enough in the ball-room of a lady of title. It was here that the hero, Mr. Wargrave Leinster—of whom it has twice to be explained that he is no relation to the Duke of Leinster—was introduced to Mrs. Barnett, who said to him, "I have heard a theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays." To this Mr. Wargrave Leinster replied, "Everybody will admit that the man who wrote those plays is far above the general run of men." Who would have thought that so just a person was an epileptic maniac? But he was. He was an epileptic maniac with two sides to his character. As a cultivated gentleman who had read Musset and Swinburne and Anacreon and John Lothrop Motley, he would discourse in

\* *Weak Woman*. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1892.

*Mammon*. By Mrs. Alexander. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

*The Lady of Balmerino: a Romance of the Grampians*. By Marie Connor-Leighton. 3 vols. London: Trischler & Co. 1892.

"*I Will Repay*." By F. W. Rose. 1 vol. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1892.

*The Talking Horse; and Other Tales*. By F. Anstey. 1 vol. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1892.



this sweetly reasonable manner; but in his mad moments he would commit homicidal atrocities in the Buckingham Palace Road. For "*I Will Repay*" is a possible solution of the White-chapel murders, which passed through the brain of Mr. F. W. Rose, and has been by him elaborated into a book. This he says, and more also, in a highly funny preface. Exactly what Mr. Wargrave Leinster did, and how he did it, are of no great matter. These passages do not make pleasant reading, and are but an unimportant section of the work, which aspires to be a more or less scientific production. Mr. Rose has studied the psychology of epileptic mania. He says this also in the preface. May a guess be hazarded as to the manner in which Mr. Rose studied, and as to the results upon his book? Leinster we find to have become epileptic through various causes. There was heredity—and in this acknowledgment of the claims of heredity we recognize the person who studies psychology. There was a fall backwards downstairs. Next came the teachings of a Scotch minister, and the perusal of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, and the butchering of a doe completed his business. Now we find in medical treatises that the hereditary taint, severe blows on the head, depressing religious training, and the shock of horrible sights are set down as separate causes of epilepsy. Our author, it would seem, being determined that no one shall question Leinster's right to be an epileptic maniac, assigns to one individual case of one form of the malady all the general causes of all the forms of the disease. Mention of studies that produce such results had better be omitted from Mr. Rose's next preface. But we hasten to add that we are making no objection to this preposterous book. For Mr. Rose says, "The preface to a book is one of the few opportunities of which an author can avail himself to say a word or two in reply to what has been objected against his previous work." We make no objections, or withdraw them as soon as made. Nothing could be further from our wishes than to do anything which might give Mr. Rose an excuse for writing another book.

It is said that the short story is now materially prosperous, and that collections of them are read with avidity. It is certain that the art of writing the short story has much sprung up in England of late. During the last ten years a dozen or more such collections have been issued, all of which contained a few good things, while two or three were wholly good. Mr. Anstey was responsible for one of these latter books, and *The Talking Horse*, and *Other Tales* shows no sign of falling off from his previous excellence. Of the ten stories in the book, four are for children, and are to our mind the four less happy efforts. These are "Tommy's Hero," "Pale-face and Red-skin," "The Good Little Girl," and "Don: the Story of a Greedy Dog." They are well worth reading, for they are exceedingly droll; none the less, it is quite possible that they may escape appreciation, and to a certain extent it is their own fault if this occur, for they make no direct appeal to any readers. They are too clever for the ordinary child, and indeed are hardly complimentary to childhood, yet the juvenility has got into them, so that they are hardly food for men. It is unnecessary to say that the small-boy slang is excellent. Of the other six, two are beautiful little stories—"Shut Out" and "A Canine Ishmael." "Shut Out" is terrible, and terribly vivid. It is only the description of the hallucination to which a poor dissipated wretch fell a victim for a brief hour, and under whose spell he goes back, not only in his mind, but in his acts, to his childish days. He buys toys for a younger brother, and attempts to get admission with them into the now-deserted house where his mother once had lived. There is a short passage in this story which reveals Mr. Anstey's perfect sympathy with the schoolboy more than anything in the stories written with design for children. It is the picture which the dreamer imagined himself to be going to draw for his childish sweetheart. "He will draw a pirate ship; that will be first-rate, with the black flag flying on the mainmast, and the pirate captain on the poop scouring the ocean with a big glass in search of merchantmen; all about the deck and rigging he can put the crew, with red caps, and belts stuck full of pistols and daggers. And on the right there shall be a bit of the pirate island with a mast and another flag—he knows he will enjoy picking out the skull and cross-bones in thick Chinese white—and then, if there is room, he will add a cannon, and perhaps a palm-tree." Was there ever a child, with the least tendency to daub, who has not attempted such a picture? "A Canine Ishmael" is the story of a dog who was superseded in the affections of a young married couple by the first baby. It is told by the baby, who makes it very pathetic in the telling. Of the other stories, "A Matter of Taste" contains a gem, in a plumber, who never enters the house but "something appens more or less immejit." The story which gives its name to the collection is similar in central idea to *The Tinted Venus* and *The Fallen Idol*. It treats of the woes of one subjected to a supernatural persecution, driving him without cease into humiliating and ridiculous positions. The unfortunate hero of this story has a horse, who possesses the power of human speech, and, for that matter, of extremely disagreeable and candid speech. He parleys with the brute, and from that moment is a lost man. He loses his self-respect, his love, and his wits. In *The Talking Horse* and its companions we have a capital set of stories, thoroughly clever and witty, often pathetic, and always humorous.

## ENGINEERING BOOKS.\*

MR. BUCKNALL SMITH'S *Treatise on Wire, its Manufacture and Uses*, is a welcome addition to the descriptive literature of engineering. The term wire covers a great variety of metallic products, from drawn-rod, half an inch or so in diameter, down to thread so fine that a mile of it will weigh but a grain and a quarter. It is true that this last is an extreme instance of attenuation; it was reached in Wollaston's celebrated experiment by the device of drawing down a composite wire of platinum overlaid with silver till the diameter was reduced as far as wire-drawing could reduce it, and then dissolving off the silver so that the platinum core was left bare. But the fineness that is attained in everyday commercial practice is by no means despicable. Silver-gilt wire, drawn from a silver rod which is coated with gold-foil before the drawing, often weighs less than an ounce to the mile, and there is nothing out of the way in a diameter of only one five-thousandth of an inch. Then the uses of wire are extraordinarily various and are continually extending. It is made into pins, into needles, into nails, into pianos and fly-wheels, into mattresses and fish-hooks, into corkscrews and umbrella ribs, into spangles and filigree, into guns, and hawsers, and torpedo-nets. Perhaps its most refined application is found in the balance-spring of a watch, when, rolled flat and tempered to a nicety, it becomes so valuable that the finished article is said to be worth 160,000 times more than the raw material. Its most debased and brutal application is in barbed fences. An immense quantity is consumed to make ropes for collieries, cable-tramways, rigging, and suspension-bridges. The great Brooklyn bridge is hung from wire, and the trains that run over it are pulled by wire. Of all these things the author has much to tell; there is no application of wire, from a needle to an anchor-hawser, that he does not have something to say about. He overflows with information, so much so, indeed, that he cannot always forbear to fling at the reader a fact or a figure that has little or nothing to do with the matter in hand. But, on the whole, the book is well done. It describes very fully how wire is drawn, annealed, and "improved"; how it is tested, how it is worked into ropes, and to what uses such ropes are applied; how it is made into nets and woven fabrics and fences. In connexion with wire-weaving, the author diverges into a most interesting account of the remarkable modern substitute for nets, called expanded metal, which is shaped out of a solid sheet by slitting and distorting it. His notices of wire rope and cable making are particularly good. Many forms of winding-machine are illustrated, and there is much learned disquisition about the "Lang lay" and other "lays." It is curious to notice the enormous strength that wire-drawing may impart to a metal. Steel, which would stand only 40 or 50 tons of pull per square inch in the form of solid rod or plate, becomes capable of standing 100 tons when drawn into tolerably fine wire. This is, in fact, no unusual strength; for in pianoforte wire, which is the strongest substance known, a pull of 150, or even 160, tons per square inch is generally required to bring about rupture.

We have been too long in noticing the fine volume on *The Railways of America*, in which are reprinted, with expansions and additions, a series of illustrated articles which were first printed in *Scribner's Magazine*. As is to be expected of work coming from that source, the illustrations are superb, and the letterpress, if it lacks something of the unity and sustained interest of Mr. Ackworth's corresponding books on English railways, at least bristles with information on all points of a large subject. An introduction by Mr. T. M. Cooley, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, insists with great justice that it is misleading to speak of the American lines as constituting a railway system. The "roads" are too diverse in origin, and differ too widely in regard to the rights and obligations of the owners, to approach even the limited measure of unity which we find among our own railways. The hundred and fifty thousand miles of line are in the hands of some hundreds of different managing bodies; and the policy of many of them is shaped more with a view to cut the throat of a competing line than to contribute to the convenience of the public. The very magnitude of the American railway network would make the treatment of it by a single pen scarcely possible. In this case each chapter is written by an expert on the particular subject with which it deals. We find chapters on the building of a railway, by engineers; then one on American locomotives and cars, then a series on railway management, on passenger, freight, and mail service; on the feeding of a railway and its business relations; on strikes, and on

\* *A Treatise upon Wire, its Manufacture and Uses*. By J. Bucknall Smith. London: Offices of "Engineering."

*The Railways of America: their Construction, Development, Management, and Appliances*. By Various Writers. London: John Murray.

*Losses in Gold Amalgamation, with Notes on the Concentration of Gold and Silver Ores*. By Walter McDermott and P. W. Duffield. London: E. & F. N. Spon.

*The Building and Machine Draughtsman*. Edited by the Editor of "The Industrial Self-Instructor." London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

*The General Machinist*. Edited by the Editor of "The Industrial Self-Instructor." London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

*The Stonemason and Bricklayer*. Edited by the Editor of "The Industrial Self-Instructor." London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

*Notes on Building Construction, arranged to meet the Requirements of the Syllabus of the Science and Art Department. Part IV. Course for Honours*. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

the everyday life of railway men. To English engineers there is material for study in the technical portion of the book, for the American solutions of mechanical problems in railway construction and working differ widely from the solutions that hold on our side. This, of course, is familiar enough; and it may be added that there are features in the most recent practice of both countries which are borrowed from what each has seen to be best in the practice of the other.

We cannot profess to be sufficiently expert in practical metallurgy to pronounce on the merits of a work on the losses which occur in the treatment of gold ores by amalgamation, and on the concentration of gold and silver ores. Messrs. McDermott and Duffield explain that their object is not to give a detailed description of milling processes in general, but "to offer a little useful knowledge to directors of English gold-mining Companies." Never having directed a gold mine, we are unable to judge how much such persons needed the knowledge so obligingly offered, nor how happy they may feel now they have got it. But it seems to us that the authors know what they are talking about, and make a number of very sensible remarks—as, for instance, this, that the proper place for mining experiments is not in a new enterprise, but in a mill already as successful as known processes will make it. That is a principle which has some useful applications outside of gold mines.

In these days of Technical Colleges and South Kensington, when the science teacher is so very much abroad, we should have thought that little room was left for the "self-instructors," with which the intelligent artisan used to open for himself the gateways of knowledge. It might have been expected that these old-fashioned pick-locks would have entirely disappeared, the key so liberally gilded by grants in aid having left them nothing to do. But this is evidently not the opinion of the editor of *The Industrial Self-Instructor*, who has given evidence of the faith that is in him by compiling, with the aid of experts in the several lines of work, three very creditable manuals intended for the delectation and instruction of workmen who prefer to spend their evenings at home. The first is entitled *The Building and Machine Draughtsman*, and treats of the graphic methods of representing work, which are fundamental in all branches of construction. This is a kind of knowledge which no workman should be without, whether he gets it in this way or in another. In *The General Machinist* an account is given of the elements of mechanism. It is far too chatty and discursive for our taste, but perhaps the self-instructor likes to wash down his bread with an allowance of sack that we should call intolerable. *The Stonemason and the Bricklayer* is much better; it goes at its subject in a businesslike way, and spares us long arm-chair talks about nothing in particular. It forms, in fact, an excellent elementary text-book of the subject, which we have pleasure in commending to those who are teaching others as well as those who are teaching themselves.

A text-book widely different from these in its intentions and scope is the fourth part of the capital *Notes on Building Construction* which have been issued anonymously by Messrs. Longmans. This is the most ambitious member of the series, dealing as it does with the advanced parts of structural design—the parts, namely, that are taken up only in the "Honours" section of the Science and Art examinations. The title, indeed, is scarcely an adequate description; for the book is nothing less than a systematic treatise on the theory of structures, written evidently by a man who has a thorough grasp of the subject. It is a good example of a modern class of engineering text-books, where we find an appreciation of theory combined with a knowledge of practice; and it succeeds, to perhaps a rare degree, in putting the two into right relations to one another. Students will find the numerical examples with which it abounds distinctly helpful in elucidating their comprehension of the more mathematical portions. These last are perhaps less full than they might be; such phrases as "It may be shown" would be better displaced, at least in some cases, by a proof which need not have been very long or very hard. That, however, is an omission which a teacher can readily make good; and, when supplemented in this way, the *Notes* will prove most serviceable to students of engineering. They treat of beams, rolled and cast, of struts and ties, of joints, of built girders, of frames, trussed beams, and roofs, of the stability of masonry, retaining walls and arches; and a chapter is added on hydraulics. There are a number of useful tables, and some admirably clear diagrams, in illustration of the graphic methods of treating framework. Altogether, the book is an excellent example of what an engineering treatise should be, and will do much towards the spread of sound knowledge in matters of rational design.

#### ANCIENT ART-HISTORY.\*

THIS copiously illustrated work, which is the fifth of MM. Perrot and Chipiez's very valuable and comprehensive series on the art and archaeology of ancient times, is devoted to an account of the history and existing remains of a very interesting group of races who occupied the greater part of Western Asia

Minor from the ninth or eighth century B.C. till their conquest by Cyrus and consequent absorption in the great Persian Empire in the sixth century B.C. The greater proportion of the volume deals with the Phrygians and their existing monuments, in describing which MM. Perrot and Chipiez have made good use of Professor Ramsay's invaluable discoveries, which have as yet only been published in a somewhat scattered and not always easily accessible form.

The style of the sculptures which decorate the Phrygian tombs shows a strong Oriental strain of influence, a far-off reflexion of the strongly decorative forms and motives of the art of ancient Assyria. This is specially apparent in the stately colossal lions, which are represented in relief as guarding the entrance to the royal tombs. On one tomb-façade the relief consists of two colossal rampant lions, face to face, with a pillar-like object between them, very similar to the sculptured slab over the principal gateway of the citadel of Mycenæ. It would not, however, be safe to argue, as Professor Ramsay has done in a paper in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, that the Phrygian reliefs are the prototypes from which the Mycenaean sculpture was imitated—a theory which necessitates giving a comparatively late date to the artistic development of Mycenæ. Recent discoveries by Mr. Flinders Petrie in Egypt of objects, such as painted vases, of Mycenaean type in tombs of the fifteenth to the twelfth centuries B.C., have done much to confirm the already established belief that the Mycenaean culture had grown and waned long before the establishment of the wealthy Phrygian Empire.

Since the French edition of MM. Perrot and Chipiez's work on Phrygia and Lydia was published in 1890, an interesting discovery with regard to the early Lydian coinage has been made by the learned Dutch numismatist, M. J. P. Six, who has pointed out (see *Numismatic Chronicle*, 1890, p. 207) that certain small electrum coins, with the usual type of a lion's head, are actually inscribed with the name of the famous Alyattes, the father of Croesus. From these coins it appears that the Lydian name, which the Greeks modified into Alyattes, was *Falfeiates*, spelt with the digamma. These interesting pieces supply the earliest example of any sovereign's name, or indeed inscription of any kind, being struck upon a coin. The concluding part of this volume contains an interesting and well-illustrated description of the curious stone tombs of Lycia, which, in every detail of mortice, tenon, and half-lap, were copied most exactly from the forms of wood construction. These interesting records of ancient carpentry—good examples of which are preserved in the British Museum—show very great skill and technical knowledge of the best way to fit together great beams of wood. Both in the isolated tombs of built-up masonry, and in the sculptured façades of rock-cut sepulchral chambers, these imitations of carpentry are most carefully and minutely reproduced, thus supplying a very interesting record of the modes of construction in a material which is far too perishable to last till modern times in any country except (occasionally) in the dry air and soil of Egypt.

Like all the volumes of MM. Perrot and Chipiez's series, this one is illustrated with a large number of most excellent woodcuts, selected from many different sources. Unfortunately the value of this English edition is seriously diminished by the extreme badness and inaccuracy of the translation. A large number of blunders have been introduced, and in many places the meaning of the authors is completely obscured. For example, in note 4, on p. 33, which describes a relief in the Capitoline Museum, there are no less than six blunders, and a comparison with the original French edition shows that this note is not a translation at all, but a quite different description of the relief which MM. Perrot and Chipiez have described with their usual accuracy. A book of such excellence as this deserves better treatment. The earlier volumes of the series, which were translated by Mr. Walter Armstrong, are very superior to this.

Like the preceding volumes, *The History of Art in Persia* is a work of very high merit, both for its numerous illustrations and for its carefully-written, comprehensive text, in which is condensed and collected an immense amount of matter which has hitherto been scattered through the pages of many separate books and antiquarian periodicals. With regard to the fact that this volume on the art of Persia has been published before the work on Greek art, which is to be the next of this comprehensive series, the authors explain that they have to some extent departed from a strictly chronological order, with a view of completing the whole subject of Oriental archaeology before launching upon such a wholly different theme as the art and archaeology of the Hellenic race.

The greater part of the volume deals with the architecture and methods of decoration used in ancient Persia. Though skilful builders in the most massive stone masonry, with walls constructed of perfectly-jointed blocks, often as much as fifteen feet in length, yet in point of design the Persians closely imitated the forms peculiar to wooden construction. In the magnificent Persian palaces of Persepolis and Susa, one of the most striking features is the frequently reproduced Hall of State, with its flat roof, covering an immense area, supported on row after row of graceful and elaborate columns. Though built in stone, these columns, in their tall slender proportions and in their wide spacing, are essentially wooden in design, bearing witness to an earlier use of columns made from trunks of lofty trees, ornamented with a sheathing of metal plates, bronze or copper, thickly gilt or covered with silver. Though none of these lofty Persian palaces still

\* *History of Art in Phrygia, Lydia, Caria, and Lycia.* From the French of Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

\* *The History of Art in Persia.* From the French of Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.



exist in a sufficiently perfect state to show the original design of the complete "Order" crowned with its entablature, yet fortunately sufficiently clear evidence is afforded by the rock-cut façades of many magnificent Persian tombs, such as those at Naksh-i-Rustem, which are illustrated (from Flandin and Coste's drawings) at pp. 218 to 228.

MM. Perrot and Chipiez have made good use of all that has previously been written on the subject of Persian archaeology, and especially the finely illustrated works of Texier and Flandin and Coste. But the more novel portion of this volume, and in some respects the most interesting, is derived from the brilliant discoveries recently made at Susa by M. Dieulafoy and his courageous wife; discoveries which have filled two or three large rooms in the Museum of the Louvre with objects of the most unusual interest and the highest decorative magnificence. With the help of a careful restoration of missing parts, one of the great columns, which supported the roof of the State Hall of Darius, has been set up with its base and capital complete. This typical example of the architectural order used in ancient Persia has a bell-shaped base covered with the long pointed petals of the lotus blossom, derived from Egypt; Greece has supplied the fluted shaft of the column and the bold *torus* moulding which surmounts the lower bell-shaped base. But the strangely designed capital which completes the column appears to be a native invention of the Persian architects. The upper part, on which the massive wooden beams of the ceiling rested, is formed by two half-figures of colossal bulls, projecting right and left far beyond the line of the shaft of the column, and forming two great corbels to diminish the span or "bearing" of the main beams, which carried the smaller joists of the panelled ceiling. The whole column is carved in a coarse greyish marble which was freely decorated with gold and colour; the horns of the bulls and their ears are made of bronze, thickly plated with gold, and securely fixed to the marble. The eyes of the bulls were also covered with gold. The whole effect of the great hall, with its forest of colossal and yet proportionally slender columns, all glowing with coloured decoration and lavishly applied gilding, must have been one of extreme magnificence. This can be to some extent realized, even without a visit to the Louvre, by the beautiful drawings and coloured plates of M. Chipiez.

The most striking, however, of M. Dieulafoy's discoveries at Susa was that of a most magnificent scheme of internal wall-decoration, formed by rows of life-sized figures of archers modelled in slight relief on the surface of many courses of bricks, and all elaborately decorated with bright colours, executed in a hard vitreous enamel and fired in a kiln. The details of the dress and arms of these archers resemble those of the "Ten Thousand Immortals" who formed the bodyguard of the Persian king, as they were described by Herodotus. Their dresses are especially rich, and the textile patterns are minutely represented in the brilliant enamel colours which cover the whole of the reliefs. Decorative patterns formed in the same way are used to frame the processions of archers, dividing them up into groups or panels, the exact size of which cannot now be determined, since, unfortunately, M. Dieulafoy did not find the reliefs in their place on the wall; all had fallen, and he had laboriously to piece the designs together from the separate bricks, of which no less than seventeen courses go to complete the height of each figure. Other enamelled reliefs of almost equal splendour were used for the exterior of the palace. A deep frieze in the main entablature of the order was decorated with most vigorously designed reliefs of short-maned lions advancing, roaring fiercely with widely-opened mouth. M. Dieulafoy's excellent coloured drawings are here reproduced by MM. Perrot and Chipiez, in well-chosen colours, which really give a very good notion of the general effect of these reliefs and their brilliant enamel colours.

The chapter on the coins of Persia is a short but an interesting one. It seems somewhat strange that the Persians should have been so late in beginning the use of coined money, especially as the Lydians, whom they conquered, appear to have been the first in the world to strike coins of fixed type and weight. When, however, the Persians did issue a coinage in the second half of the sixth century B.C., the Persian gold *Daric*, with its type of a kneeling archer, became the commonest and most widely-used coin in the whole world. Together with the electrum *staters* of Cyzicus and Lampsacus, the gold *Daric* of 130 grains weight became widely current and thoroughly trusted for its purity over a very large extent of the Mediterranean shores. An Athenian at the time of the Peloponnesian war, if he possessed any gold, probably had it in the form of the *Darics* or archers of the Persian king. Hoards of these coins have been found in the most distant places, and even as far east as Northern India. The usual Persian conservatism was shown in a very marked way in their coinage; when once the archer type had been fixed upon, all the succeeding kings, whether a Darius, a Xerxes, or a Cyrus, went on striking the same type without any modification; and so, as there is no name or legend of any kind on the gold *Darics*, it is impossible to tell by whom any given specimen was issued. The same may be said with regard to the silver coin, the *Siglos*, the type of which is precisely the same as that of the gold coinage. Both are alike *archaistic* in style, from the adherence to a plain reverse with no symbol or device, but a mere rough punch-mark like that on the most primitive coins of the kings of Lydia.

The one weak point in this English edition is the translation, which is very inferior to that of the earlier volumes of this series.

Technical terms are either not translated at all, or else are treated in a quite ignorant fashion. For example, the word "bond-stones" (in the original), *pierres d'attente*, is translated (at p. 79) "waiting-stones." Many similar mistranslations occur, one of which, though more excusable, is, unfortunately, misleading—that is, rendering *medailles* by the word "*medals*," when it means *coins*. Persian medals, of course, do not exist. There are also too many misprints, as, for example, on p. 27, where *Phileian* instead of *Milesian Apollo*, and *Polycletes* instead of *Polycletus*, are given.

These are, however, minor matters, and, on the whole, the book would be a cheap one at double its published price of one guinea.

#### SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.\*

IN this volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series Mr. Fox Bourne has returned to a subject on which he has already written. He makes several small additions to his earlier *Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney*, chiefly from State Papers and other such sources, printed since its appearance, and corrects one or two oversights. In his preface he calls attention to the fact that he has discovered that the marriage of Lady Penelope Devereux with Lord Rich took place in 1580, not in 1581, as he at first believed, and he repudiates his former idea—so at least we understand him—that some of the sonnets in "Astrophel and Stella" point to "a frolicsome sort of courtship" of an unmarried woman, and the exceedingly unpleasant view that he took of the intention of the remaining sonnets. Here he holds that "Astrophel and Stella" is a mere work of fancy, laying down that "we must either acquit him [Sidney] of any serious intent in his sonnets, or we must accuse him of wantonly unchivalrous behaviour, both in shamelessly exposing his own weaknesses and in meanly traducing the lady whom he affected to honour." We refuse to admit either alternative. That "Astrophel and Stella" was the expression of Sidney's love, of a feeling not to be described adequately by the terms "liking" and "tender sympathy," which Mr. Fox Bourne uses here, is, in our judgment, proved by the sonnets themselves; we cannot allow that they were mere literary exercises. At the same time, we believe that to take any one of them as referring to some actual fact would be a silly and groundless assumption, though even so we fail to understand where the "trading" would come in. All that is said here about "indelicacy" and "good taste" seems to us to be only fit for a lecture to young ladies. If Mr. Fox Bourne thinks either that Sidney had no love for Lady Penelope, and that she was to him a mere peg on which to hang his verses, or that, if he loved her, there is anything mean or shameless in the sonnets, we fear that we must pronounce him incapable of understanding the men and women of Sidney's day, or, which is more grievous, of appreciating some of the sweetest and most felicitous love-poems that have ever been given to the world. All talk, however, about Sidney's "intent" in these sonnets is unprofitable, and worse than unprofitable; it is enough for us that we have them, and can rejoice over them.

Mr. Fox Bourne's present book is a careful piece of work, and is indeed written with more industry than spirit. Its chief design is to give prominence to the chivalrous side of Sidney's character as illustrated by what we know of him as a courtier and a politician. Although it gives an account of his writings, a comparatively small space is devoted to them, and no adequate attempt is made to consider them critically or with reference to their place in the history of literature. To us the true importance of Sidney's life appears to be wholly literary. His career as a courtier presents little that is specially interesting. As a politician he had little chance of justifying the high opinion that his friends had of his talents; for Elizabeth, much as she liked him, kept him in the background, and he held no office of State until, almost at the end of his short life, he was associated with his uncle, the Earl of Warwick, in the Mastership of the Ordnance. His friend, Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, records that William the Silent declared that at twenty-six Sidney was "one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of State that lived in Europe." A less extravagant eulogium, coming to us in a letter of the Stadtholder, would have more weight with us than this report, written many years after the interview at which these words are said to have been spoken. At any rate, Sidney's political opinions were such as would necessarily have pleased William; for he was anxious that Elizabeth should place herself at the head of the Protestants of Europe, and give them substantial help against the Catholic sovereigns. Like desires filled the minds of many Englishmen of lesser abilities than Sidney, and were, of course, much praised by foreign Protestants. Whether this simple and forward policy would have been of greater service to the interests of England than the more cautious policy adopted by Elizabeth cannot be discussed here. Perhaps the best means that we have of forming an opinion for ourselves as to Sidney's political abilities is afforded by two State Papers, as we may call them, that he wrote—the one in defence of his father's administration in Ireland, the other against the Queen's proposed marriage with the Duke of Anjou. They are both forcibly written; the first, which we have only in a mutilated and apparently unfinished state, being put together with

\* *Heroes of the Nations—Sir Philip Sidney, Type of English Chivalry in the Elizabethan Age.* By H. R. Fox Bourne, Author of "The Life of John Locke" &c. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

much skill—but it must, of course, be remembered that Sidney, in his defence of his father, was only putting in the best form that he could the arguments and grievances of the Lord Deputy himself; while, in the case of his letter to the Queen on the proposed French match, it is impossible to be sure that he was not inspired by others who were glad to use his wits and his favour with the Queen, and themselves to remain unknown. Too much may easily be made of Sidney's embassy to the Emperor-elect, and though Mr. Fox Bourne speaks of it with perfect accuracy, the length at which he treats it seems to invest the incident with an unmerited importance. Sidney was sent on a purely formal errand of condolence and congratulation, and the employment "sorting better with his youth than with his spirit," he requested and obtained leave to speak with divers princes about the welfare of the German Protestants. With amazing self-confidence—to use no harsher term—he used this permission to lecture the Emperor on his duties, and was not undeservedly snubbed for his presumption. Mr. Fox Bourne justly remarks, that the interest that Sidney took in Western adventure illustrates the chivalrous side of his career. Here, again, he had little share in any achievement, though his connexion with great lords and his reputation at Court made his interest valuable to those who were actually engaged in colonization or maritime enterprise. There was nothing chivalrous in subscribing for shares in Frobisher's voyages; for Sidney, like the Queen and the other subscribers, looked on them as a means of enriching himself. He received a patent for discovery and colonization, and having no money to risk on an expedition, at once made over part of his rights to Sir George Peckham. At last, after many longings for active work and freedom from the shackles of a life at Court, he made an attempt to join Drake's expedition against the Spanish settlements in Florida in 1585, obtained several—Brooke says thirty—subscribers to the venture, and believed that Drake was prepared to share the command with him. Drake meant to do no such thing, and managed to prevent him from sailing, by letting the Queen know of his intention. If, however, Sidney was kept back from achieving any remarkable success in the affairs of life, apart from his literary work, and his not quite constant share in the Queen's favour, he held an extraordinarily high position in the estimation of his contemporaries. Many noble ladies "ventured as far as modesty would permit to signify their affection unto him," and many men, nobles and soldiers, statesmen and poets, loved him, and held that all that he did was well done, and that he was capable of doing well anything that he might be called upon to undertake. If his praises had been recorded only by men of letters we should have reckoned them of less account; for he "was a very munificent spirit and liberal to all men of learning," but they come to us from every quarter. This general consent will not seem strange to those who read this biography, which has the merit of setting Sidney before us as he seemed to his many friends. To us, indeed, he appears in his younger days to have been too solemn; for Brooke, after saying that he knew him from a child, adds, "yet I never knew him other than a man." Yet it must be remembered that it was a precocious age, and that Sidney, like Pitt, was brought up in an atmosphere of affairs of State. In manhood he added to the "grace and reverence" of his youth a warm sympathy with other men, a highly trained taste and intellect, no small skill in many exercises of mind and body, and a generous enthusiasm for all things honourable and of good report. This volume is copiously illustrated, chiefly with portraits reproduced from engravings.

#### BOOKS ON PHILOSOPHY.\*

IT is quite possible that the diversity of opinion and treatment which we find in the various works on metaphysics, psychology, and logic which come to us from the other side of the Atlantic may ultimately lead to satisfactory results. The attempt of one set of writers to explain everything *à priori*, and of another to do exactly the reverse, ought to culminate in that more explicit definition of the standpoint of each which is essential to a final decision. The deeper the questions which are asked on either side the greater must be the probability that what are no more than accidental differences will be cleared out of the way. On the one hand we have often too much reference to the facts of experience; on the other perhaps too much stress is laid upon the categories without which no experience is possible. There is a large and growing class of writers, especially in the United States, who are apt to fall into the latter error. These begin, as a rule, with the Reformation, and follow the course of French,

German, and English thought down to Kant. And then, by a process the justification for which has always been questioned, they pass on to Hegel, to find their final satisfaction in his elaborate work. Although *A Study of Greek Philosophy* is an able work, it is quite plain that its author's analysis and criticism proceed on the lines we have pointed out. The brief introduction by Mr. William Rouseville Alger throws down the gauntlet at once. He tells us truly enough that "in that universal field of principles, laws, and processes which philosophy covers, the appeal is made to the reflective faculties and speculative insight; and these, with the vast majority of persons, are not keenly alive, but undeveloped and disinclined to exertion." A few pages further on he writes that "it is astonishing how material science is overrated. It is as if one should put a high value on a pebble because he can clutch it, and despise a star because he cannot." The weakness most apparent in Mr. Alger's introduction is to be found in such a sentence as the following:—"When some inspired genius in the future shall complete the unification of the mathematical and the metaphysical dialectic, and simplify it for popular communication, the epoch of illumination and redemption for which travelling humanity waits so long will dawn." Surely Mr. Alger might have learnt from Hegel as well as from the failures of the other authors he mentions that the unification of which he speaks is nothing but an impossible dream. The methods of mathematics and metaphysics are perfectly distinct. That of the former is as bare and abstract as possible; while that of the latter, if we allow to metaphysics any value at all, must come into close and intimate relation with every fact which can enter within the sphere of human experience. The first ten chapters of the author's own work are, on the whole, satisfactory, though there is rather too much compression in those on Heraclitus and Anaxagoras. In the eleventh chapter we had certainly a right to expect some reference to the relation of each of these thinkers to the Sophists. The chapters on Socrates are interesting and valuable, but they would have been of greater benefit to the student had they discussed more fully such points as the sophistical character of his own method, his intellectual midwifery, and the exact meaning of the "demonic" influence to which he refers. Zeller is drawn upon with some freedom in the discussion of the post-Socratic schools. What Miss Mitchell writes about the Platonic dialectic and ethics is quite satisfactory. To treat it in detail would be to open up a field of discussion much too large. Aristotle is treated exclusively from the Hegelian point of view. This is a mistake, for such treatment is apt to ignore or minimize the dualism and the contradictions in the philosopher's work. The student who compares the reference to Hegel (pp. 190, 191) with all we can learn of Aristotle's notion of substance will almost certainly come to the conclusion that the German has forced his own results upon the Greek. Chapters upon Stoicism, Scepticism, and Neoplatonism bring the volume to a close. We are reminded on p. 280 of "the ideal of Christianity, the perfect love that loses self to find it in the self of God." This is the repetition of a favourite Hegelian phrase which, while it comes glibly from many tongues, is yet merely a phrase which it is impossible to support save by a Pantheistic explanation of the Universe.

Of a totally different character is the *Handbook of Psychology: Feeling and Will*, by Professor James Mark Baldwin, of the University of Toronto. This author has brought to his enterprise a vast amount of reading of a particular kind, the influence of Bain and Spencer being especially noticeable. At the very outset we are met with a sentence which is likely to astonish some of our older psychologists. Referring to another work which he has already published, Professor Baldwin says of the present book:—"This volume, it may be said, however, puts to a better test the claim upon which the Handbook is written—i.e. the possibility of a psychology which is not a metaphysics nor even a philosophy. For the phenomena of the emotional and volitional life have not been worked over for purposes of philosophical system, as intellectual phenomena have; and for this reason, the psychologist has in this field greater freedom of treatment and a larger scientific opportunity." There is something strange in these sentences. What right has the author to make this absolute separation between the "emotional and volitional life" and "intellectual phenomena"? Does he not see that emotion and volition so separated are vain and empty, utterly unable to give us anything at all? Is not the dualism which he is so proud to have asserted between two parts of conscious life of its very character indicative of the impossibility of his success in the inquiry and investigation which he has undertaken? To put the matter bluntly, in endeavouring to make psychological explanations on the basis of physiology he begins entirely at the wrong end. Such attempted explanations inevitably involve us in circle-reasoning. There is still another point which it is necessary to notice. The Professor's diagrams, which are many and awful, are of no earthly value in explaining the "why" of any of the conscious states that they are employed to illustrate. He gives us conditions which are, in a sense, accidental, but not causes. He holds, with Spencer, that life means the adaptation of self to circumstances, and ignores the possibility of the adaptation of circumstances to self. Now and then, as in his criticism on Maudsley, he seems to be reaching after a higher point of view than he ever attains, but his efforts are idle, since he has commenced by tying his own hands. Thus the introduction of the element of quality into sensuous feeling is

\* *A Study of Greek Philosophy*. By Ellen M. Mitchell. With an Introduction by William Rouseville Alger. Chicago: Griggs & Co.

*Handbook of Psychology*. By James Mark Baldwin, M.A., Ph.D., Professor in the University of Toronto. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers*. By John P. Mahaffy, D.D., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin, and John H. Bernard, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co.

*An Essay on Reasoning*. By Edward T. Dixon. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

*A Manual of Logic*. By J. Welton, M.A. Lond., B.A. Camb., Tutor of University Correspondence College. Vol. I. London: Clive & Co.

*Principles of Political Economy*. By Father Matteo Liberatore, S.J. Translated by Edward Heneage Dering. London: Art & Book Company.



scarcely justifiable upon his premisses. There is some good, but rather confused, matter in chapters iv. to vii., especially in the latter, which covers a good deal of old Hamiltonian ground. What is written about the "Theories of Ethical End" may also be recommended to the student, though here, as elsewhere, there is some confusion of both thought and language. It is hard to come so often across sentences which speak about going into "speculation on the origin of consciousness itself, i.e. why it is that there is a co-efficient at all, and which co-efficient, the nervous or the conscious one, is the metaphysical prius?" To write in this way is to make the nerve system and the conscious system parallel and co-ordinate; and it is because this error is constantly making its appearance in Professor Baldwin's book that we are compelled to pronounce it a most unsatisfactory piece of work.

In the second volume of Professor Mahaffy's new edition of *Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers*, the student has presented to him the "Prolegomena to any future Metaphysic," translated, with notes and appendices. That the work has been done with care, accuracy, and skill, those who are acquainted with the editor's long and laborious work on the subject may be well assured. It has, however, certain faults, the most conspicuous of these being Dr. Mahaffy's persistence in considering himself the only true expositor of a system which has had very many able commentators and critics. A large proportion of the notes are written apparently for no other purpose than to show that "Codlin's the friend, remember, not Short." The fact is that the Dublin professor, having entirely devoted himself to the service of Kant, believes in him so thoroughly that he refuses to see any of those quite apparent weaknesses which critics just as friendly but more candid have from time to time pointed out. The most apparent of these are connected with the philosopher's doctrine regarding the transcendental unity of apperception on the one hand and the so-called "thing-in-itself" on the other. The main feature of Dr. Mahaffy's presentation and defence of Kant is practically this, that he maintains that the reason is able to put questions which it may not, by any possibility, ultimately solve. There is no doubt an attempted answer to this criticism in the "Practical Reason," but that has been generally admitted to be a failure. We are rather surprised that by this time Professor Mahaffy has not seen what is the general weakness of Kant's antinomies. On the whole, it would be better to say in each case that both thesis and antithesis are true, than to affirm, with their creator, that both are false. It is, however, rather late in the day to criticize either Kant or his editor. There is a technical objection to this volume which must be mentioned. Dr. Mahaffy gives in brackets the paging of his original edition; but he does so in a remarkable way, breaking up, without necessity, the commonest words for the purpose. When we meet with "prin[33]ciple," "under[85]-standing," "propo[136]sitions," "repre[138]sentations," "ac[217]-cording," and "dog[260]matical," we think it is time to complain. The end aimed at could have been perfectly well served by putting the page reference immediately after the word.

The *Essay on Reasoning* of Mr. Edward T. Dixon is not a particularly valuable work, although there are a few passages in the chapters on Definition, Import, and Method which are interesting, and may be instructive. The author is, however, quite mistaken in imagining that he can produce an absolutely original work on such a subject. His originality consists mainly in the omission of some well-known and generally useful terms. Much more pretentious, lengthy, and wearisome is the first volume of Mr. J. Welton's *Manual of Logic*. It is primarily intended for the use of students preparing for the examinations of the University of London; and the author gives directions as to the best method of "cramming" it for that purpose. Like almost all books of the sort, it is certain to be at this disadvantage—that no one who has studied it for the purpose named is likely to use it ever afterwards, except, possibly, for a casual reference. Even in that case the student would do better to consult the original authority in full rather than be satisfied with such representation of his work as is given here. It is impossible not to admire the catholicity of the author's reading upon his subject. He wanders from Aristotle to Adamson, from Bain to Baynes, Bradley, and Bosanquet, from Descartes to De Morgan, from Herschel to Hamilton, from Whewell to Whately, and so on. Rather, however, than allow any student for whom we cared to study logic from the five hundred and odd pages of this volume, we would abolish the examinations of the University of London altogether.

A treatise on the *Principles of Political Economy* by a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus might well be expected to contain some remarkable doctrines. The expectation, as far as the work of Father Liberatore is concerned, will not be disappointed. Amid, however, a great deal that completely destroys its value as a scientific treatise, there are some sensible remarks here and there. The author's aim is to keep "equally free from anarchical Liberalism and Socialism." He tells us that "modern Liberalism is like a blue-bottle fly. Wherever it settles it leaves a germ of corruption and a bad smell." The translator distinguishes the work from others on the subject by saying that the author's treatment "is distinctly Christian and scholastic." The appropriateness of the former adjective may be questioned, while the latter is applicable to a great extent only to the fashion in which Father Liberatore rests upon external authority which may be questioned. The book is curious, not uninteresting, and certainly not scientific.

#### THE FORMAL GARDEN.\*

THE reviewer's difficulty with this book consists in the fact that, at whatever page we open, the desire is not so much to express an opinion as to quote, and to go on quoting. We should like to transcribe the first and last chapters exactly as they stand. They are a vigorous and well-reasoned protest against the modern landscape-gardener, who, professing to make nature the object of his worship, spends time and money in altering nature into what he thinks it ought to look like.

He is for ever breaking up the outline with little knots of trees, and reducing the size of his grounds by peppering them all over with shrubs. The consequence is that, though one may feel weary with traversing his interminable paths, no permanent impression of size is left on the mind. Such a place as Battersea Park, for instance, is like a bad piece of architecture, full of details which stultify each other.

Mr. Blomfield, being an architect, not a mere builder, naturally claims the garden as an "extension of the principles of design which govern the house to the grounds which surround it." A garden was originally supposed to be an enclosed space taken from the fields for ornament, pleasure, and use, and so long as there were architects there were gardens as the setting of beautiful buildings. Now that builders have taken the place of architects, no gardens, in the seventeenth-century sense of the word, are created. People called landscape-gardeners are called in, whose great idea is to correct nature, not to have plenty of flowers and fruit and seats and wide dry walks and sheltering walls, and good wells and comfort and colour.

We are glad to see that Mr. Blomfield remonstrates at the way any tree good for food is now banished from the flower-garden; "the landscape-gardener would shudder at the idea of planting a grove or hedge of apple-trees in his garden." He will, however, give you an oilcloth pattern of crude yellow, blue, and scarlet, a monkey puzzle, or a wilderness. How different was Homer's garden!—"There grew tall trees and beautiful pears and pomegranates and apple-trees with gleaming fruit, and luscious figs and teeming olive-trees." Every one must have noticed the lovely tints of orange and crimson which almost all fruit-trees take in autumn, and how they brighten up a garden in the dull foggy days, as well as clothe it with their pink and white blossoms ere any but the earliest trees are in leaf. Who that has walked under the apple-trees at Penshurst can forget the effect of the fluttering of the tinted petals as they float off the branches to the velvet sward below?

There is one thing on which Mr. Blomfield does not touch, which has often surprised us, and that is the pitiful size of the gardens belonging to many newly-built houses in places where land cannot be expensive, and where immense sums have been spent on the "mansion." We remember one instance in point. The house had cost 30,000*l.* The approach, or what ought to be called the "fore court," was so small that a good-sized barouche and pair had difficulty in getting round the clump of rhododendrons in the centre. The garden consisted of a few beds cut in the grass; the kitchen-garden of about an acre of closely-packed vegetables. To a reasonable being, the great delight of a garden is to have plenty of everything; young peas from the earliest to the latest time they can be cultivated; strawberries enough for the children to gorge themselves, and plenty over for the school treat; black currants in sufficient profusion to make jam for all the colds in the village; cherries in plenty, so that birds may not be shot for stealing a few; and apples as the sand on the seashore. This sort of abundance is oftener to be found in Scotland and Ireland than in England, except in the North, and it is well worth the outlay. Strawberries and other small fruit do not cost more to cultivate than potatoes or mangold wurzel, and an apple-tree grows as does our oak, while we are sleeping.

No example of a mediæval garden remains to us, though in manuscripts and tapestries may be found some indications of either real or ideal gardens of a very early period, such as that in *The Romance of the Rose* (Harl. MSS., 4,425, British Museum). Cardinal Wolsey commenced to lay out the pleasure at Hampton Court, but Henry VIII. probably did not finish it as intended by the original designer, for he introduced Italian features not in harmony with the early part. It is interesting to read a list of some of the flowers and shrubs bought by the King—"Genaper and Bayes," "violettess, primroses, gilliver slips, mynts, and other sweet flowers, sweet william, at 3*d.* the bushel—a bourder of rosemary 3 years old to set about the mount." There was a wall also covered with rosemary, a favourite feature in gardens of that time. One at Nonsuch, near Cheam, round the kitchen-garden, was fourteen feet high. This was probably destroyed by the Puritans when they felled the trees; and, as Evelyn records, "defaced one of the stateliest seats his Majesty had." After the Restoration, French ideas came into vogue. Long avenues were made, and the garden spread into the park, no longer being distinctly within walls, as was the early "Formal Garden." Then came the Dutch influence under William and Mary, and a great revival of interest in horticulture. Pope, in "The Guardian," gives an imaginary catalogue of yew-trees:—"A St. George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stab the Dragon by next April," and "a quick set bog shot up into a porcupine through being forgot a week in rainy weather," &c. Then came the craze for landscape-gardening, and with it the destruction of the beautiful old formal setting of the

\* *The Formal Garden in England*. By Reginald Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas. London: Macmillan. 1892.

house, merely to follow the fashion. The owners often regretted their folly when it was too late, and longed for the seclusion and charm of the walled and wide-walked enclosures. Mr. Blomfield calls his book "*The Formal Garden in England*," and has accordingly almost confined his attention to this part of our island; but some of the best of the old-fashioned gardens are in Scotland, and may, perhaps, engage his pen at some future time. He should also by no means neglect Ireland. The best example of clipped yew is probably that of Antrim Castle, long occupied by the late Sir Richard Wallace. There are also many lovely old gardens in the South of Ireland, some of them planted soon after the battle of the Boyne. They are fast going to destruction, partly from the poverty of the landlords, partly from the newfangled ideas of landscape-gardening. Miss Currie, a well-known artist, has lately been giving lectures on the subject, and is doing her best to try and preserve the few hedges and clipped beasts, the terraces and the broad walks so beloved by every one of taste. If Mr. Blomfield could take his holiday amongst these fine specimens of seventeenth-century gardening we are sure he would be surprised at the number of new, or rather old, ideas he could cull for a continuation of his interesting book. Its chief fault is that there is no index. We must not forget to commend the drawings by Mr. Inigo Thomas. The title-page is a treat in itself for simplicity and beauty. Mr. Blomfield has plenty to say about the leaden vases and statues which were in vogue a hundred years ago, but unaccountably omits the famous blackamoors formerly in Clement's Inn, and now in the Temple.

#### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF ST. ANDREWS.\*

IT is currently reported that a large provincial town lately made a startling statistical return from the theological department of its public library. Closer investigation proved that one book with a somewhat unusual title had caused this unwonted interest. "*The Best Match*" was much in demand, but the interior not fulfilling the promise of its title, the work was restored rapidly to the shelves, ready for the next inquiring student.

We would warn betimes the ardent golfer from presuming that *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews* must mean a like number of years of experience in that game. Much good advice there is within these pages, but not to golfers, and there are few good, wise or witty sayings in connexion with these famous links. On the third page "the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews" is mentioned, and perhaps thrice again reference is made to golf and golfers. Dr. Boyd chronicles how "on a day in April" he went round the links for the first and only time with "a foursome," and he owns that such an admission is sad. Elsewhere he notes how the reproach has been lifted from his house in the persons of the younger members of his family. It is perhaps idle curiosity which causes the reader to search through these pages for some reason why the game should not have attracted the genial and accomplished doctor. Some light is thrown on the subject by one sentence—"It is a silent game, by long tradition"—or perhaps our author may have agreed with Dr. Thompson, the late Archbishop of York (and, as a rule, Dr. Boyd agrees with an archbishop), in his dictum that "it would not do to see an archbishop learning to play golf." However that may be, golf plays no part in this record of St. Andrews; but those who wish to read and be entertained by the sayings and doings of the great dignitaries of the Church of England, and yet more by Dr. Boyd's opinions as to their "habits and manners," will find much to amuse them in these pages. "Saintly, benignant, learned, self-denying, and good," are a few of the epithets bestowed on the "Prince Bishops," "Anglican Prelates," or "the biggest of Colonial Bishops," as they come, "in their thousands," on pilgrimage to St. Andrews, and receive Scottish hospitality, a blessing, and much good advice from one who takes "a legal stand" which no "Hierarchical Church" can pretend to compete with. We feel that the prelates must have felt that they had never before sufficiently estimated either the dignity of their position, or the importance of their clothes before visiting St. Andrews. Dr. Boyd speaks of "lawn sleeves," as if they formed the sole attire of a bishop, and his knowledge as to "the points" a bishop ought to possess is startling. One minister of the Scottish Church, he says, looked more like a bishop of London than any occupant of that see, "and I have seen four of them," he adds complacently. He notes in one instance how the ignorant "belorded" a suffragan, and the advice, exhortation, and reproof which he administers to the successive Prime Ministers, concerning those they have either appointed or neglected, is most instructive. We cannot help wondering what Dr. Boyd's own sensations would be if a member of the Anglican Church pronounced on the fitness of those appointed to the Moderator's office in the Church of Scotland.

Dr. Boyd's object in these reminiscences is to give an account of the people who have lived in St. Andrews, and of those distinguished men who have visited it. He says it is not to be a parish history, neither is it to be autobiographical, "the personal element is to be sternly repressed"; this has evidently been a very great difficulty to Dr. Boyd, and, in spite of himself, it appears with great frequency. We do not complain of this;

in fact, greater interest would have been added to the book if we had heard more of the dealings of the parish priest—a title we feel sure Dr. Boyd will appreciate—among his people, and the glimpses we get of the kindly and intimate relations between him and his flock are most delightful reading. In endeavouring to exercise this stern repression, Dr. Boyd gives us too many versions of "this is another story," and we would have preferred if he had given himself a freer hand in this direction, and had been less discursive when away from St. Andrews, and perhaps more reticent with regard to the not very interesting controversy over the Scottish Hymnal. Dr. Boyd was, we feel sure, a most useful and energetic member of that Committee, but it did not sit in St. Andrews, and its author's work on it is a part of an autobiographical temptation which might with advantage have been more rigidly suppressed.

Very charming is the picture he gives of the bright and clever social circle in St. Andrews—"Brethren dwelling together in unity"—and in itself a contradiction of the saying of Aytoun's, which he quotes only to repudiate with indignation, that "Hell was a quiet and friendly place to live in compared with St. Andrews." Dr. Boyd's descriptions of the place are like a series of vignette drawings, and we can only regret that they occur so rarely; but, as we read of the September day on which he begins his record, "looking upon the beautiful links, blazing green to-day in a rainy harvest time," or as on his homeward journey he notes "the sun shone out suddenly, lighting up the town in a most wonderful way, not the dark glow of the September sunset, but light and bright, the spires and ruins seeming as blazing, with a bright blue sky behind," or when in company with Dr. Liddon he ascends the Cathedral tower, and they "look down on a sea blazing and sparkling sapphire, and it reached without break to Norway. The gray gables and turrets of the cathedral were hard by; the quaint old city lay beneath," and another winter he tells of a series of sunsets whose surpassing glow of crimson and gold called men "out of the club daily to gaze their fill," we feel throughout that Dr. Boyd knows and loves St. Andrews, and that he has marked well each stone in her bulwarks, and loves "her very walls." No more fitting guide, we feel sure, could the pilgrim prelates find, and the roll-call of the names of those who have passed through the hospitable doors of the manse are many and full of interest. Dr. Boyd mentions that once only did he meet Carlyle, but he has done both himself and "the Sage" injustice in not telling one story of his visits to St. Andrews. "That is Dr. Boyd's church," said the guide to Carlyle, who, doubtless afflicted with the usual bilious view of all things, replied, "God help his people!" It is said that Dr. Boyd tells this story as illustrative of the way in which the sayings of great men get distorted, the prayer of Carlyle being uttered in this wise, "God bless him and his people!" The narrative, where it is of Dean Stanley's visits, is always vividly true to life, and whether "the beloved Dean," as he is rightly called here, is seen among the ruins, writing in the study, or absently handing buttered toast in his fingers, or addressing the students in words which will ring for ever in the ears of those who heard them, he is always a living picture, with interest ever vivid, "with the human fellowship which all men felt when he was near" permeating all society, and drawing to himself the best of the surroundings in which he found himself. Less happily tactful seems another famous visitor to have been. Mr. Kingsley appears to have been treated with real Christian long-suffering when he staid, after hearing Principal Tulloch preach, "that it was sad his magnificent voice should be destroyed by an abominable Scotch accent." Dr. Boyd, after the lapse of many years, merely relieves his feelings by asking if this was not a bit of "high-bred provincialism." We do not quite see where the high breeding comes in; but we are willing to admit anything to appease feelings so rightly outraged, and we will not defend any "dignitary" in any "cathedral" whatsoever for dropping his "final g's," which our author says is worse than any accent. Mr. Kingsley, in what Dr. Boyd charitably ascribes to a fit of absence, said, on hearing that some one he had met was a Scottish minister, "Why, that man's a gentleman." The story telleth not how Mr. Kingsley answered the natural rejoinder, "And those you have met hitherto, have they not been so?" We trust his absent mind carried him safely through. But Kingsley also seems to have been more than welcome, to have left many friends behind, and to have gone his way home saying that, "if cricket is the king of games, golf is the queen." "One touch of nature" makes us all good friends.

Concerning some of his visitors Dr. Boyd jumps to rather hasty conclusions, and where they do injustice to their subject we feel obliged to remonstrate. Few better men have ruled in the Church of England than Archdeacon Sinclair, but he was the most confirmed of bachelors, and the present Archdeacon of Westminster was his nephew, not his son. We believe the Archdeacon, then vicar of Kensington, was entirely at one with his brother, who, as the ladies left the vicarage dining-room, raised both hands to heaven, and exclaimed, "This is the twenty minutes which has saved English society." But the inhabitants of Kensington, male and female, who are of a generation to remember the tall dignified figure, and strongly marked Scotch face, hold his memory in affectionate respect, and they know that the existence of their great parish church, "that white phoenix" rising from the ashes of the "old brown church," is due to the business capacities (that rare clerical gift) of their "good old Archdeacon." And be it known, for Dr. Boyd's comfort, that he

\* *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews*. By the Author of "*The Recreations of a Country Parson*." Vol. I. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.



was among the very last to preach in a black gown, and to resist all "innovations." When "Hymns Ancient and Modern" were pressed upon his notice, with a request that they might supplant Tate and Brady, he replied "the present poems are admirably adapted to their purpose."

There are other stories healing to the English soul. We believed that only one man could have stood before a Scotch audience and quoted "the land of the leal" as applying to those who can repeat the Gladstone Creed; but we learn in these pages that Sir Roderick Murchison, at a dinner given in Dundee over which the Duke of Buccleuch presided, looking "every inch a territorial prince," misquoted certain well-known lines and applied to the city of that name, "we threw up our bonnets for bonny Dundee." Dr. Boyd carefully explains that he was wrong, but at the time "territorial prince" and guests seem to have preserved their calm.

Perhaps one of the most interesting parts in this bright, cheery volume, is concerned with the preaching of, perhaps, the greatest pulpit orator Scotland has possessed, Principal Caird, and the analysis and definition of his preaching, and that of many others. Dr. Boyd notes how the preacher sustained himself on "porter," "not that this will be of the smallest use for the guidance of youths who would outrival him. I have known those who had their hair cut wonderfully like his; but, unhappily, it was only the outside of the head in which there was any resemblance." To those who know the younger school of Scotch clergy this is not an untimely warning.

It is, perhaps, inevitable that one who has had so much to do with the changes that have taken place in the conduct of the Presbyterian worship, and who has lived to see his labours, and that of his friends in the Church, so largely blessed with success, their cathedrals restored to something of their pristine glory, the services conducted in a way which is in accordance with the command that things should be done "decently and in order," should seem to attach an undue weight to certain forms and ceremonies. With almost ludicrous pomp, Dr. Boyd records the first minister who, after reading "the portion of Scripture"—which, in our opinion, is quite as good an expression as "the lesson"—repeated "Here endeth the first lesson." Considering the Church of Scotland has not appointed certain lessons to be read, the phrase seems to us a little parrot-like in its imitation, and no advance on the reverent asking for a blessing on "the Word," with which most ministers close the reading from the Scripture. We also take exception to Dr. Boyd's speaking of "livings"—it is a word new to Scottish ears. It is not, perhaps, one of the happiest of the names to which the Church of England is heir. Unfortunately, in these days, they seldom are "livings," and, where they are so, it is not that fact the clergy most wish to impress on their people. The old Scotch word, "a charge," seems to us to have advantages which it is a pity to lose, and this servile imitation brings us no nearer reunion.

But, on the whole, we believe this volume will do much to bring about a kindly understanding between the two Churches, and those who repeat worn-out stories as to the forms of the Scottish Church will do well to study these pages. We could wish that here and there Dr. Boyd had not marred his history by expressions of simple vulgarity. In one place he tells a touching and beautiful story, one of those histories with which the Scottish Universities have made us all familiar, of the patient self-denial and heroic death of one of her poor students. "Such a story is like to break some hearts which do not care a solitary farthing for the kicking out of emperors, and the like," and again, in telling another story of a death-bed, this low slang is repeated in yet more offensive form. As we look at the dates within which these twenty-five years are written, the death-beds of at least four emperors rise to remembrance, and one, fresh yet in every reverent mind, yields to none in the pathos of its manly resignation, of its kingly example of suffering heroically borne. Dr. Boyd is a preacher, and knows that the time is past when it required courage to state that kings were mortal, and must die. The courage which is now required is to state that kings and emperors have a right to be treated as human beings. Would Dr. Boyd have had the bravery to speak of the "kicking off" of one of his poor parishioners? Certainly not, the punishment would be from the "many-headed," who have no difficulty in speaking; but of those who never do speak, and are precluded from doing so, it is safe to write in terms which we should have thought one in Dr. Boyd's position would be the first to condemn. "It is to be remembered," says Dr. Boyd, "that what disgusts people of sense and taste may truly impress people who have little sense and no taste at all." We cannot acquit Dr. Boyd of seeking to impress these last, and of being quite callous as to "the better sort." These he cannot fail to disgust in such passages. Perhaps we should not have been annoyed by such instances of bad taste, had "emperors" been sheltered in Dr. Boyd's study. True, he records a visit from Prince Leopold, but it was clearly not a happy time. "The incredible tenacity with which some folk keep hold of the coat-tails of a prince is even exceeded by their mortal terror lest anybody else gets hold of those sacred coat-tails"—from which it is easy to infer that Dr. Boyd failed in getting a grasp on them. We hope in the volume which is still promised us that there may be a little more reticence in dealing with men who are still living—though we believe it is impossible that any one should take seriously any of the sayings of "A. K. H. B."

#### THE ALDINE POPE.

DENNIS upon Pope suggests an unpromising conjunction. One thinks involuntarily of Hogarth's sketch in Carruthers of "Mr. D—s y<sup>e</sup> Critick," lighting his pipe as if he were quarrelling with it, and the recollection seems portentous with angry and atrabilious comment. For

Appius reddens at each word you speak,  
And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,  
Like some fierce Tyrant in old tapestry.

But the Dennises of to-day are of blander mood, and more beneficent. Of the two here concerned, Mr. John Dennis, already favourably known as an essay-writer, has undertaken the introductory portion, while Mr. G. R. Dennis has superintended the text and notes. The "Memoir," as we have a right to expect from an old contributor to the *Cornhill*, is compactly and unpretentiously written. To be fresh upon such a subject is only possible to the pursuers of paradox, and it is to the advantage of the steady-going Aldine series that Mr. John Dennis is not of these. Apart from his ascription to Mr. Andrew Lang of a pair of couplets which that accomplished verseman would probably decline to father, we have nothing but praise for his work. As regards that of his colleague, it is of a kind which is often most laborious where the labour is least manifest. The reproduction of the text has apparently been carefully done, and the original notes, which the editor has added to those of Pope himself and of previous commentators, are brief and helpful. He has been unable to avoid the almost classical mistake of doubling the "d" in Dodington; and he might surely have added some comment to Pope's note, in which Earl's Court is classed with Tooting as a village near London. On the other hand, a few of the annotations are new to us. Mr. Courthope's discovery of the prototype of "damn with faint praise" in the "And with faint praises one another damn," in the works of Wycherley, is, to say the least, piquant. With regard to another note, that on Mrs. Oldfield ("Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke!"), the story is too old to be contradicted. Yet it is worth remarking that, if Narcissa did ever so express herself, she was not original in doing it. "Hark'ye, Hussey,"—says a character in Steele's *Funeral* to her maid Tattleaid—"if you should, as I hope you won't, out-live me, take Care I an't buried in Flannel; 'twould never become me I'm sure." The speaker was Lady Brumpton (Mrs. Verbruggen); and another actress in the same comedy, who must have often heard the words, was Anne Oldfield herself. She died in 1730, and Steele's play had been acted at Drury Lane nine and twenty years before.

#### STEAMERS AND ADVENTURES.†

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS is the work of a syndicate of six. Whether the co-operation of so many cooks tends to the production of good book-makers' broth is a question not necessary to be asked at present. We cannot for our own part see why Commander Chadwick, U.S.N., who writes on "The Development of the Steamship" at the beginning of the volume, could not also have been entrusted with the last chapter, on the "Steamship Lines of the World," which has been given to Lieutenant Ridgely Hunt of the same service. Neither is it clear to us why the last-named officer might not also have done the work of the first. This practice of dividing a subject up among several writers leads to repetition, unless they are kept under strict editorial control. This book has no editor, and consequently there is some repetition, though, to do it justice, there is not much. The practice of book-making by syndicates seems to be a favourite one with Americans. The members of this particular one have divided their subjects as follows. Mr. Gould writes on "Ocean Passenger Traffic," and "The Ocean Steamship as a Freight Carrier"; Mr. Rideing on "The Building of an Ocean Greyhound"; Mr. Seaton on "Speed in Ocean Steamers"; and Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U.S.N., on "The Ship's Company." Add the two articles we have mentioned already, and it will be seen that there is a good deal of scattered reading in this volume.

On surveying them in the lump for the purpose, among others, of finding why so many hands were employed, we have come to the conclusion that Lieutenant Kelley was engaged to supply the poetry and wit. He has discharged his function in a fashion which sets us inquiring again why it is that sailors, when they write, are so fond of a species of strained jocularly and convulsive pathos. The most complete, and therefore the most tiresome, specimen of the kind is Lieutenant Parsons's *Nelsonian Reminiscences*; and Lieutenant Kelley has followed his tradition. Here, for instance, are three very blethering sentences:—

This watch-keeping seems easy enough, even interesting and exciting; at least, so I have heard, not only from the casual gentleman who worries

\* *The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope*. A New Edition in Three Volumes, revised by G. R. Dennis, B.A., Lond. With a Memoir by John Dennis. London: George Bell & Sons.

† *Ocean Steamships: a Popular Account of their Construction, Development, Management, and Appliances*. By Messrs. Chadwick, Kelley, and Hunt, U.S.N., and Messrs. Gould, Rideing, and Seaton. London: Murray. 1892.

*Hard Life in the Colonies, and other Experiences by Sea and Land*. Adventure Series. Now first printed. Compiled from private letters. By C. Carlyon Jenkyns. Illustrated. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

*Among Typhoons and Pirate Craft*. By Captain Lindsay Anderson. Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

about critically in fine weather, but from that uneasy-minded strutter who skips across the Western ocean half a dozen times a year for no reason any sane man has yet discovered. But, dearly beloved idlers, do not deceive yourselves; getting out of bed and walking on a roof is anything but gay, even in fine weather. In stormy seasons it is such wretched work that then be mine rather to woo my bucolics; my farms, and gardens, my forest glades.

This is the T. P. Cooke style, and is very annoying. If Lieutenant Kelley will ask a real farmer, he will learn that some forms of "bucolics"—such, for instance, as getting three or four thousand sheep off a hillside in a snowstorm—are not much more "gay" than keeping the middle watch. The account which Lieutenant Kelley gives of the crews of the ocean steamers is not very pleasant reading. He argues very warmly that it is only "beach-combers, shore-huggers, mere Abraham's men," who contend that steamers have destroyed the old seamanship; but his own picture proves that the real seamen on board these vessels are the masters and mates who were trained in the sailing clippers. The crews are rapidly tending to become simply a kind of rather inferior factory hands. The other articles are written in a much more composed and Christian frame of mind. Captain Chadwick's article on "The Development of the Steamship" gives a brief, and quite readable, sketch of the history of a very wonderful branch of industry. He is very sensible, indeed, in his remarks on the conditions which enabled England to beat the United States in the use of ocean steamers, in spite of the start which America gained in the race. Mr. Seaton is "popular," without being merely wordy, in his article on "Speed in Steamships." We doubt whether he will quite succeed in making the general reader understand what is meant by a "co-efficient of fineness." The general reader commonly skips serious-looking things like that, but it will be his fault if Mr. Seaton does not make him understand what are the conditions which regulate the speed of steamers. We note that Mr. Seaton, though refusing to commit himself to the opinion that the limit of speed has been attained, is inclined to judge "by analogy with railway trains" that this result has been reached. Any considerable further speed could, in fact, only be reached at a cost which would be ruinous. Unless some new invention appears which will revolutionize steam traffic as completely as that changed the old sailing fleets, it will in all probability be found that we have attained the highest possible average level of speed. The appearance of a single vessel which could break the record once, and by a little, is a likely enough event, but that would not prove Mr. Seaton to be wrong. Mr. Rideing's article on the "Building of an Ocean Greyhound" would be readable if it contained nothing but its singularly good picture of the Clyde, but there is more in it. Mr. Gould's chapter on "Ocean Passenger Traffic" will, we imagine, be the most generally liked in the volume—for it is all about the passenger and his little comforts. With all due respect to Mr. Gould, to whom our feelings are friendly, we find his subject tiresome. He does his best, but there is no inspiration in the conveniences and the "thousand new lamps" of any hotel, whether afloat or on shore. Mr. Rideing, again, writing of "Safety on the Atlantic," is interesting, and should convert any reader who still needs conversion to an understanding of the care, skill, and ingenuity displayed in the construction and management of the ocean steamer. The illustrations to this volume are numerous, and are also too often splashy.

*Hard Life in the Colonies, and other Experiences by Sea and Land* is an engaging title, and the promise it makes is fairly kept. There is a great deal of hard life, and there are some experiences. We understand from the editor, Mrs. Catherine Carlyon Jenkyns (a lady who does not tell you that she is Miss must put up with being called Mrs.), that it is all true. We dare say that, putting aside some touching up of the high lights, it is all true enough. Whether it is interesting enough and new enough to deserve publication is another question. A not inappropriate name for the book would be "Three Rolling Stones." They divide the volume among them. First, Mr. Arthur Cardew Jenkins tells how he was "Shanghai'd" at San Francisco, and worked his way home round the Horn in a sailing-ship as an ordinary seaman. We do not, by the way, quite make out that he was Shanghai'd, for he shipped voluntarily as an ordinary seaman, which was more smart than straightforward on the part of Mr. Jenkins, who had never been at sea before except as a passenger. He was very uncomfortable, which we are not surprised to hear. Then Mr. Gilbert Chilcott Jenkins recounts his adventures in Eastern seas. Mr. G. C. Jenkins says that he had been a midshipman in the Royal Navy, who found himself stranded ashore with an empty pocket, for reasons which he does not think it necessary to explain. The Jenkins family seem to be very liable to find themselves, for private reasons, at large and destitute in remote seaports. Judging from their own accounts of their adventures, we guess that this peculiarity of theirs was due to an errant disposition, and a certain inability to abstain from quarrelling with their bread and butter. Then Mr. G. C. Jenkins, after many roamings, foregathered with Mr. Halm Killegrew Dunbar, a gentleman of middle age, ancient lineage, and fine artistic genius, who also found himself ashore and destitute at Melbourne. They rolled to and fro from Australia to New Zealand and back again, doing odd jobs, and fighting Maories. All three jointly or severally came across Chinese pirates, tyrannical mates, land thieves, and water thieves. We cannot say that any of their adventures were very striking, though they starved much, and survived many evils. But whether they are literally true, or only mythically true, the reader will

find that they give a not bad picture of that type of restless, shifty, not very trustworthy Englishman who has done so much in the way of colonization, and who, unless he starves, or is shot too soon, generally contrives to fall on his legs at last. We gather from Mr. Dunbar, who is a very self-conscious and loquacious person, that he and his partner did fall on their legs at last. Altogether they are worth looking at once, in an idle hour, but it is prudent not to take them too literally.

Captain Lindsay Anderson's adventures "Among Typhoons and Pirate Craft" must also, we imagine, be described as mythically true. Whether actually in an opium clipper, or only a spectator and student, Captain Anderson has seen much of the Chinese trade in the old adventurous days of smuggling and in the Taiping Rebellion. His dates puzzle us a little, and one comes across phrases which startle. A long eighteen-pounder carronade is a queer weapon, and it was unusual, to say no more, to put a carronade in the bows of a vessel as a chasing gun, which is where it was mounted in the *Eamont*. Of the matter of the book a very fair idea is to be got from the title of chapter xxviii., "From Nagasaki to Woosung—More Pirates." It is all about runs between Chinese and Japanese ports and fights with pirates. Captain Anderson, by the way, speaks with more respect of the courage of these ruffians than is usual. The British naval officer has commonly described them as a pack of cowards. It is certain that they did give even well-armed merchant ships a great deal of trouble, and that ill-armed vessels were frequently plundered by them. Captain Anderson writes, on the whole, well—with spirit, and without too much straining after the picturesque. We cannot say that he has much literary faculty beyond the power to tell a plain tale coherently. His adventures follow one another with breathless rapidity, and, as they are very similar, his book, short as it is, becomes a trifle tiresome before the end is reached. One running fight with pirate junks is, after all, very like another. The most interesting thing in his volume is the account of Nagasaki as it was before Japan was opened to trade. There is also a decidedly effective picture of the rescue of a number of Chinese from Ningpo during the Taiping war. The feat was performed, as the author candidly confesses, for a consideration. One detail of manners we learn which rather surprises us. The favourite drink of the bold opium smuggler was Moselle. One would almost as soon think of hearing that Sir Henry Morgan drank lemonade.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. WAGNER'S *Jeunesse* (1) is one of those books which are so absolutely excellent in intention, and which contain, at no very rare intervals, things so meritorious, that one hardly knows how to say anything that is not kind of them. And yet we hardly know, also, how the book can come to much good. M. Wagner is profoundly convinced that the youth of France is in a very bad way; and, indeed, it is possible, without taking quite such a gloomy view as he does, to think that it is not in a very good one. And how would he cure it? Why, in regard of the temptations that do most easily beset it (and other youth, too, for that matter) he would have it remember its *dignité virile*. How is that for a pill against the earthquake? And even supposing that earthquakes will yield to pills, what an alternative to vice is the constant contemplation of one's own *dignité virile*! May a man not almost as well be a *roué* as a prig? We are not surprised, after this, to find M. Wagner, when he comes to religion, extolling Christ and the Gospel, but warning us against the Churches, against the spirit of party, against looking to the past, and so forth. It is really a pity that so much good intention should be wasted in the old, old way.

M. Gabriel Sarrazin is known both by a book on modern English poetry, which is one of the best things of the kind recently produced in France, and by other good work. In his present volume he tries a rather ambitious path, wherein slippings and slidings are more common than steady ascents. *La montée* (2) consists of short "impressions," sketches, expansions of heart, and divers other things of the sort which more commonly finds literary form in verse—whether on the well-known principle of "ce qui ne vaut" or not we will not say. It is certain, however, that it requires greater courage to put them forth in prose than in verse, that they are less usually tolerable when exposed to the drier light of the more commonplace medium, and that great successes in the attempt are very rare. We can very honestly say that M. Sarrazin has not made an egregious failure; that he has made an exemplary success we could not quite so honestly assert. Between the earliest pieces (which date a dozen years back, and have for scene and background no less a place than Barnes Common and the Thames in May) and the last (which are quite recent, and dated at various spots on the globe) there is much that is distinctly good, combined with not a little which we cannot call good, because it lacks the distinction which is a *sine quâ non* in prose of this kind. M. Sarrazin writes well—at times extremely well—but, comparing this and his other books, we should say that he writes best when the subject is supplied to him, and not when he supplies the subject.

(1) *Jeunesse*. Par C. Wagner. Paris: Fischbacher.

(2) *La montée*. Par Gabriel Sarrazin. Paris: Perrin.



The essays (3) which M. Giniesty has collected in this volume answer to their title, and are at the same time of an agreeable variety. There is a paper, most ingeniously "vulgarized" (to use a word which has no bad sense in French, less even than our word "popularized" in English), on Montchrestien, Hardy, and other illustrations of the early French stage; another on the Russian theatre, a third on the German. Thence we go to the eighteenth century in France, and thence, again, to a *pot pourri* of recent books, more or less distinctly concerning the stage, M. de Marsangy's *Mme. de Beaumarchais*, M. Arsène Houssaye's *Memoirs*, and so forth. And then we end by some half or wholly originally pieces on things theatrical, one at least of which, "La Retraite" (wherein an old actor and actress, married and retired, half quarrel over the comparison of their ancient glories), would make no bad *saynète*. It is a pleasant book; one which everybody may not read through, but in which almost everybody will find something to amuse and suit him.

The competence of M. Jullien (4) in matters musical needs little praise, and in the present volume he extends it more widely than in his earlier works on Wagner and Berlioz. Articles on both these masters figure here, with others on Schumann, M. Thomas, Signor Verdi, MM. Gounod, Lalo, and Reyer; Herr Brahms, M. Saint-Saëns, Bizet, and M. Massenet. And there are portraits and facsimiles, both of letters and of music, and a great deal of miscellaneous matter which deserves minuter attention than we can give it here.

It would have been odd if *Man's Place in Nature* (5) had waited all these years for reproduction in French, yet there is nothing on the cover or the title-page to tell us to the contrary. A preface of Mr. Huxley's own, however—dated, as far as its entirety goes, last year—gives us the necessary reminder that the original version by Dr. Dally appeared twenty-three years ago, and that the fresh matter of the later English editions is, in French, the work of M. Henri de Varigny.

It will be evident to all critical readers that M. Tillault, who has written a book of much power in *Après le meurtre* (6), is a diligent student of M. Feuilleton. Indeed, the plagiarism-hunters may say that the *donnée* of his book is only that of *Julia de Tréceur* with ingenious twists and counter-twists. The argument is brief, and the telling of it does not affect the interest. The hero shoots his wife in *flagrant délit*. Long afterwards, the full facts not being known even to his nearest relations, he is obliged to take under his roof her daughter by a first marriage, and, beginning with more than a little aversion, he ends by loving the girl furiously, and with a returned, though honourable, affection. He might, it seems, according to the rather eccentric French law, have married her, since there was no issue of his union with her mother; but the murder hinders the marriage and suicide cuts the knot. It is a gloomy book enough; but there is real power and real pathos in it, and it belongs to the right school in fiction, not the wrong.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE second volume of the new "Modern Science" series, edited by Sir John Lubbock—*The Horse*, by William Henry Flower (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)—is devoted to a subject that can scarcely be said to promise any novelty of treatment. Of books on Hippology, as Mr. Flower observes, there are nearly four thousand catalogued in Huth's *Bibliographical Record*, published in 1887. But the very vastness of this formidable array has, it seems, suggested a better way than that of summary or comprehensive survey. There was no hope of epitomizing the whole field of knowledge. Mr. Flower, accordingly, deals with the subject from one point of view—namely, that which comprises the evolutionary pedigree of the horse, or, to adopt the Darwinian term, the descent of the horse. He treats of the horse, not as an isolated form, but as one link in a great chain, tracing its ancestry in the past, and the various steps of modification by which it has come to be "the very singular and highly-specialized animal" it now is. From this purely scientific standpoint Mr. Flower has produced a very interesting and admirably coherent study in natural history. Perhaps on one or two points a little further enlightenment might have been supplied to the intelligent layman of whom the editor writes. Well equipped as that layman may be with regard to comparative anatomy and palæontology, he might reasonably desire some demonstration—one more diagram might have sufficed—that *Phenacodus* was an ungulate animal. Then there is a very curious problem connected with the horse in America, and its extinction—in Northern America certainly—since the Eocene age. Fossil remains of true horses, belonging to most of the recent geological ages, abound, as Mr. Flower observes, in almost every part of America. Even if we admit that the horses found in La Plata by Cabot were not introduced from Europe, it is tolerably certain there were no horses in Northern or Central America when the Spaniards first arrived at the continent. Mr. Flower recognizes the unsolved problem presented by the evidences of fossil remains of the horse

and its complete extinction. As the horse and its congeners were so abundant in North America, how was it that none of the people encountered by the Spaniards preserved any traditions of the horse, and why were they so fearful of the horse and its rider? This is the strangest aspect of a bewildering problem.

Dr. W. Freame's *Elements of Agriculture* (John Murray) is issued, under the authority of the Royal Agricultural Society, in response to numerous requests for an authoritative elementary text-book adapted to the use of rural cottagers and schools. Dr. Freame's work satisfies those requirements thoroughly. It is, in every sense, an excellent exposition of the art of agriculture. The general scheme of the book was settled by a sub-Committee of the Society, with Lord Moreton as chairman. Eminent authorities, like Sir John Lawes, Sir Jacob Wilson, Sir John Thorold, Dr. Voelcker, Miss Ormerod, have united in assisting the Committee with suggestions, while Dr. Freame's treatment of the subject shows in every section of the book scrupulous observation of the aims in view. The work is one that was greatly needed, and it is not more than just to Dr. Freame's execution of it to say that his text-book is worthy of general acceptance as the standard elementary work on the subject.

The interpreter of poetry is oft given to address young people as a pretext for his dismal calling—assuming, apparently, that the young person has no ear. Mr. W. Calder has "epitomized" Chaucer—*Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrimage* (Blackwood & Sons)—"with the desire to present Chaucer's great masterpiece in a fairly popular form to young folks and ordinary readers." He seems utterly unconscious that what he has presented is not Chaucer at all. He has done the Prologue into a prose paraphrase and told the stories of the Knight, and so forth, in his own language. And all this he has done in the hope that the "young" and the "ordinary" may be led "of their own accord" to the works of the poet he has hideously deformed and mutilated.

Mr. Morley Roberts has studied men's minds and manners in many lands, as all who have read his entertaining book of voyages know well, and of these experiences of the traveller, we conjecture, there are certain reminiscences preserved in the stories collected under the title *King Billy of Ballarat* (Lawrence & Bullen). "The Sheriff of Red Butte," for example, and "The Story of Rawhide River," are suggestive of actual experience in the Wild West. But actuality is seldom absent from these vigorous sketches and stories. Mr. Roberts is a capital storyteller, with an incisive and dramatic style that is thoroughly individual. The stories of a grotesque or tragic cast, such as the grimly humorous "Mithridates the King," "Father and Son," "A Domestic Tragedy," are exceedingly impressive.

Mr. Joseph Hatton's chatty volume, *Cigarette Papers* (Hutchinson & Co.), is made up of light and pleasant recollections and impressions of authors and actors and critics, interspersed with sketches of living celebrities and not a few strange stories. Altogether this is an agreeable book for an idle hour, being amusing as well as easy reading.

Sir Edwin Arnold's enthusiastic impressions of Japan and the Japanese, which originally appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, are shaped to elegant book form under the title *Japonica* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), illustrated with Mr. Robert Blum's capital drawings of the streets, the country, the people—especially the ladies.

*Homeward Bound*, by Edward Reeves (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is descriptive of a colonist's voyage from New Zealand to England by way of Ceylon and the Mediterranean. It is obviously addressed to a friendly circle, and originally intended for private circulation. Ingenuous is the record of the most trivial facts. Thus, we read that "the Moorish men are all tall and fine looking," and "curiosity led us to buy a real fez (cap) in the shop of a Moor all the way from Fez, the capital of Morocco. The shop is 48 inches wide (I measured it)."

Mr. Orrin Cederman Stevens affects a somewhat recondite poetic diction in *An Idyl of the Sun, and other Poems* (Holyoke, Mass.: Griffith & Co.) It is a new Della Cruscan style, or a New England survival of that ancient mode, that is suggested by the following opening of a "Love Sonnet":—

How doth thy flute-toned spirit modify  
All utterances o'erstrained that disappear  
Within the rose-rimmed orifice of thine ear!  
Ah, how I long that instrument to try!  
And blow the sounds of my humanity  
Into that artery of perfect song  
So feelingly, no heart's recurrent throng  
Be needed to give pulses or velocity.

Well adapted to the taste and sympathy of intelligent children is Miss Alice Pollard's collection of *True Stories from Greek History* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) The selection of subjects is excellent, and the style unaffected and clear.

M. Silas K. Hocking's *For Light and Liberty* (Warne & Co.) is a well-written story, fairly interesting, with considerable power in the sketching of character. The self-satisfied scientist who resolves that his young nephew shall be brought up in entire ignorance of religion is cleverly drawn. The sequel of this experiment, as regards the creedless youth, is precisely what most readers will anticipate, though it is very naturally evolved.

The first volume of *Burnsiana*, compiled by John D. Ross (Alexander Gardner), is an odd jumble of extracts from many sources by various hands relating to the poet and his writings. There are some ninety of these cuttings from magazines, newspapers, and so forth, of which a small percentage only can be

(3) *Chosen et gens de théâtre*. Par Paul Giniesty. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Musiciens d'aujourd'hui*. Par A. Jullien. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(5) *La place de l'homme dans la nature*. Par T. H. Huxley. Paris: Baillière.

(6) *Après le meurtre*. Par Jean Tillault. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

described as of interest to the poetic-minded reader. The patriot, however, may rejoice in all, or most, of these odds and ends as proofs rather than as provocations of enthusiasm.

The "Bijou Byron," of which we have the fourth volume—*The Vision of Judgment* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)—possesses almost every merit that should belong to a new, complete, and annotated edition of the poet. Form, type, notes, are excellent. The paper alone, as we have previously observed, is not what it should be. It is far too flimsy. Were this defect removed—and it easily might be by a reissue of the edition on better paper—the "Bijou Byron" would be a delightful possession to all who love books.

We have also received *Child Life*, Vol. I. (Philip & Son), a Kindergarten journal, the organ of the Froebel Society; the sixth edition of *A Guide to the Unprotected*, by a Banker's Daughter (Macmillan & Co.), a very useful handbook dealing with everyday transactions with regard to banking, shares, loans, mortgages, &c.; *Handbook of Scottish Church Defence*, by Christopher N. Johnston (Edinburgh: Hitt), a manual of reference indispensable to all persons interested in the Scottish Church; *Born a King*, a readable little book dealing with the early history of the present King of Spain, by Francis and Mary Arnold-Forster (Cassell & Co.); *Luke Ashleigh*, a story of school life in Holland, by Alfred Elwes (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Vivia*, by Florence Wilford (Wells Gardner & Co.); *The Cabinet Minister*, a farce in four acts, by Arthur W. Pinero (Heinemann); *The Realm of Nature*, an Outline of Physiography, by Hugh Robert Mill (John Murray); *The Commerce of Nations*, by O. F. Bastable, LL.D. (Methuen & Co.); and *The Optics of Photography*, by J. Traill Taylor (Whittaker & Co.)

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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